

OKLAHOMA TODAY

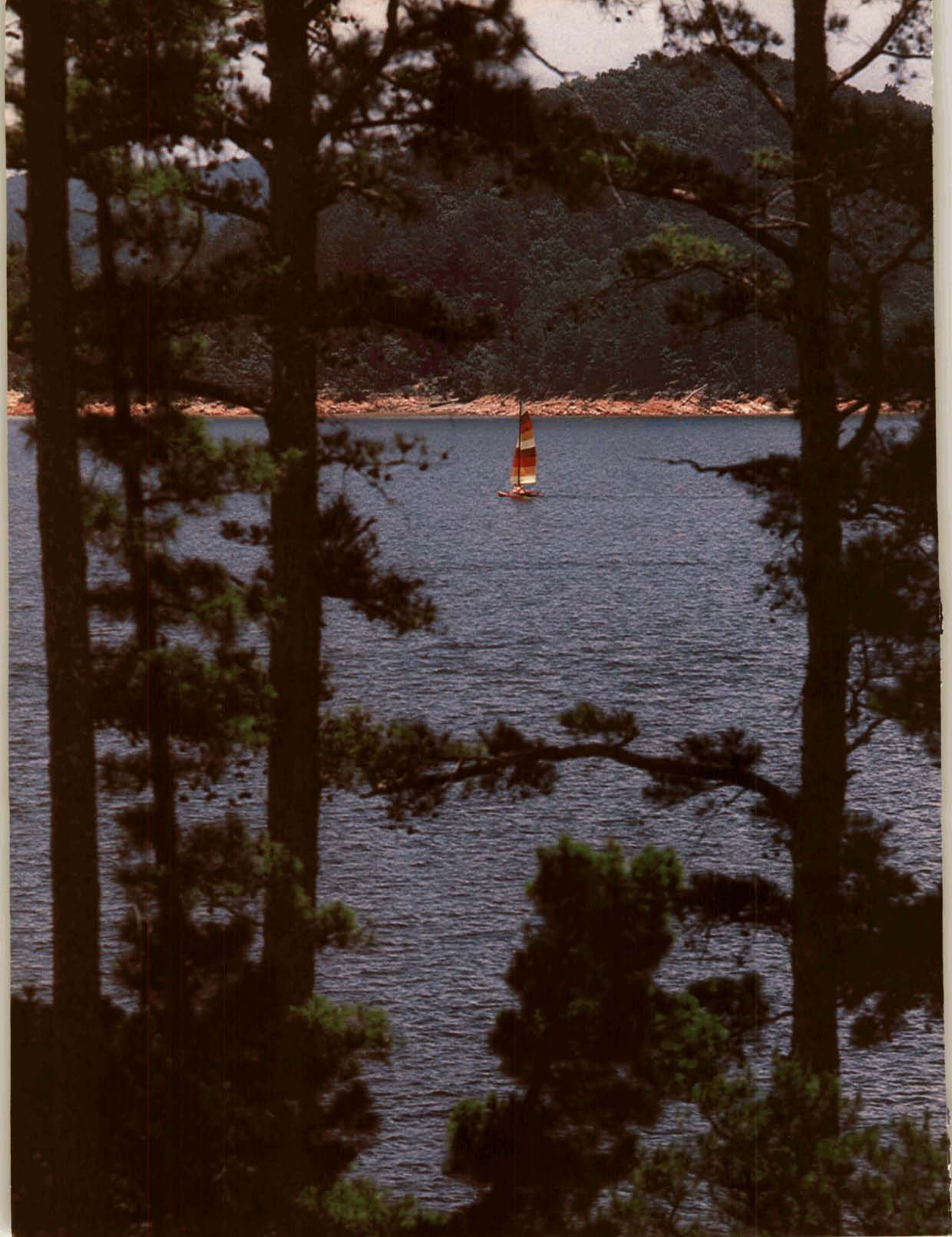
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SUMMER 1983

Bass Fishing • Steam Threshing • Peach Picking • Church Camping



SUMMERTIME OKLAHOMA



OKLAHOMA TODAY

Summer 1983

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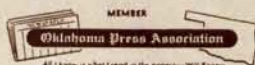
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IN OUR FALL ISSUE, we'll go bargain hunt-
ing at the state's best flea markets and sailboard-
ing on Lake Keystone. Then there's an autumn
promenade through Tulsa's River Parks, a stroll
through Oklahoma City's multi-faceted Kirkpat-
rick Center and a visit with the Fields family
of Pauls Valley, who send a taste of Oklahoma
across the country and around the globe in the
shape of their famous pecan pies.

SUMMER 1983



Steam Lives!

Return with us now to those steam-driven days of yesteryear, when 110
Cases and Keck-Gonnermans big as behemoths roamed our farmlands.

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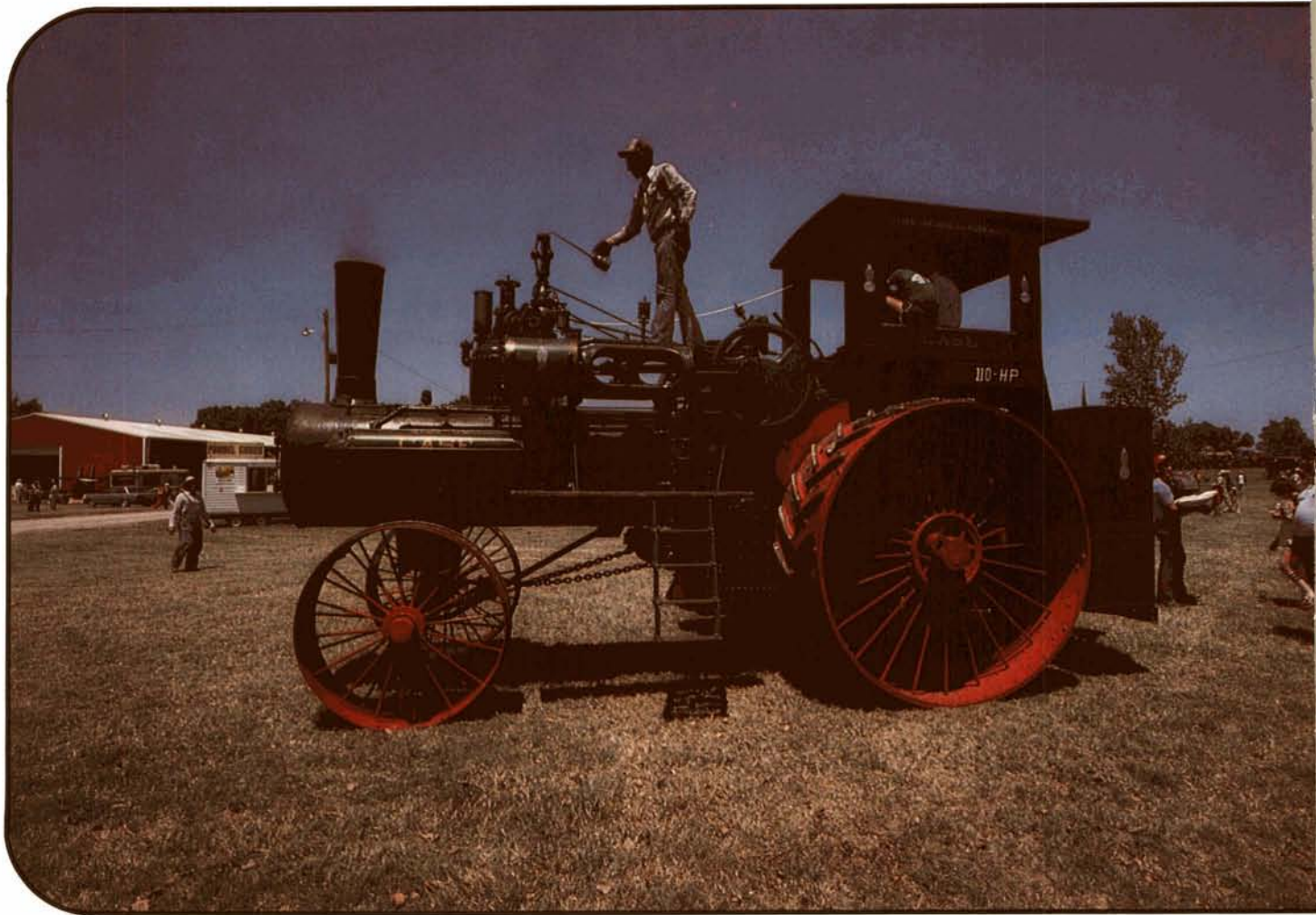
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COVERS: *Front.* A.Y. Owen's classic study of the geometry of a wheat harvest,
near Hobart. *Inside front.* Sailing through summer at Hochatown State Park. Photo
by Fred W. Marvel. *Back.* Watermelon summer, near Sterling. Photo by A.Y. Owen.

THREE

For three days every July,
the years roll away, and
at the fairgrounds in Pawnee

Steam Lives!



The sheer steam-driven size of the machines — in this instance a 110-horsepower Case weighing 28 tons — is stunning.

By John Davis
Photographs by
Fred W. Marvel

John Davis is a free-lance writer living in Norman.

Left. Lyman Knapp of Blackwell wears traditional gear to match his tractor, a rare 1890 Russell. Right. In a slow race, winners finish last.

On early Oklahoma farms threshing day was usually the most exciting day of the year. Children were up at dawn waiting the approach of the monster steam engine dragging a separator behind it and lurching slowly along like some smoke-spouting behemoth. Crews of 20 or 30 men, working from dawn to dusk in sweltering July heat, gathered the grain shocks from the fields and fed them into the separator, which spat out grain from one chute and billows of straw from another. Boys old enough to work as water boys got to eat at the cook shack with the men. And younger ones watched in envy as the men engaged in that heroic work.

Now each summer during the last full weekend in July, many of these younger boys—now in their 60s and 70s—recreate those good-time days at the Steam and Gas Engine Show at Pawnee. For three days they fire up the old steam engines again and harvest grain and plow fields and power lumber and shingle mills. Sweaty and smoke-streaked and grinning like kids, they show off the old engines to the wonderment of thousands of spectators who crowd the show grounds.

"I grew up with these things," says Kenneth Fiegel, 70, of Kingfisher, op-

erating his 1912 Case tractor at a harvest demonstration. "By the time I got old enough to run them, they stopped using them. This is like a second chance. It's like horse racing—it gets in your blood."

The 28,000-pound monster sits there belching black coal smoke from its stack and spewing steam down below and spinning an 80-foot belt turning the separator. It had been on his family farm since 1921, and he fell heir to it in 1961. It had sat outside for 35 years, and the canopy was gone and the water tank and coal bunker rusted off. He gave Henry Martens of Fairview half interest to restore it.

Once common on Oklahoma farms, most of the old steam engines were cut up for scrap during World War II. The few that remain are expensive. "If I priced this one at \$30,000 tomorrow, some damn fool would buy it," Fiegel says, and laughs. "But I wouldn't sell."

Ivan Burns, president of the show, also inherited a steam tractor, a 1919 Case, from his father. Now he owns 26 steam engines that he collected in travels over the United States and Canada as maintenance superintendent for the Big Chief Drilling Co. of Oklahoma City.

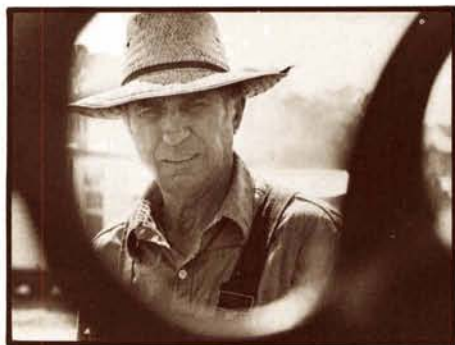
"When I got them, they were

cheap," he says. "No one wanted them as junk, or traded for them. They're not cheap anymore. There's a lot of money sitting here. . . ." And he swings his arm to include the dozens of monsters sitting around in irregular rows. "The manufacturers stopped making them 60 or 75 years ago, and what is left is what you see. Those cut up for scrap are gone forever. Those that escaped the scrap drives are very valuable. But they get to be like your wife—you wouldn't sell her for anything."

Among the tractors, his favorite is a \$15,000 Keck-Gonnerman, with rear wheels six feet tall, that he's been operating at another threshing demonstration. In explaining why he likes it—and steam engines in general—he's having a little difficulty putting his feelings into words.

"I don't know—it's a hobby—I just like them. This was the forerunner of the modern tractor. This was the start of power farming. Steam fascinates people. You've got to understand steam to like it. The power of steam is almost unlimited. Combustion engines have limits. But steam is like, well, it's like flying a plane—it's fascinating."

Lyman Knapp of Blackwell, owner of a rare 1890 Russell tractor that he's





using to power a shingle mill, explains it this way: "Steam is the most interesting thing in the world, has the steadiest power. It sits there not making a sound; you can bring it to life instantly. It has a unique ability. Nothing is deader than a dead engine, and nothing is more alive when it has pressure."

As he speaks he keeps glancing at the engine's water gauge. "That tells you the level of the water. As long as it's in sight, you're safe. Once it gets out of sight, you're riding an atomic bomb."

Knapp's father had two steam engines, but Knapp was too young to run them. Still, he never forgot the harvest days. "It was the greatest day of the year when the harvest crew came to your farm. All the kids came to life, and the women did too, feeding 20 or 30 men. You waited all year for harvest day, wondering if you'd get a new pair of shoes or have to keep wearing the old ones."

Knapp rebuilt his six-horsepower Russell from two engines. In 1949 he read in a 1900 threshing newspaper of a Missouri man owning a Russell. Knapp wrote to him and, incredibly, the man replied and said he still had the tractor. It had sat under the eaves of a barn for 40 years and was in ter-

rible shape. Knapp got the boiler from a Missouri salvage dealer who said he wouldn't sell but would trade it for 50 steam whistles. Knapp managed to collect the 50 steam whistles and got his prize tractor.

The most massive tractor at last year's show was a 110-horsepower Case, 13 feet tall and weighing 28 tons with a full load of water and coal. Its owners, brothers Cecil and Kenneth Kelley of Pawnee, had just recently turned down a \$120,000 offer for it. With Cecil as engineer and his nephew Billy Kelley as fireman, the monster hooked up to a 12-plow John Deere and lurched away, plowing a 14-foot-wide furrow. Lumbering along, it looked like a small locomotive with long black boiler and huge red wheels, coal smoke pouring from the stack and steam whistle blowing in pure exuberance.

The 110 Case uses 200 gallons of water and two or three tons of coal an hour, but it'll plow 50 acres a day. It was such monsters that sparked the agricultural revolution, changing the United States from a nation of small farms to the breadbasket of the world.

The Kelleys' Case was found on a mountainside in Saskatchewan, Canada, and brought in pieces to Napoleon, Ohio. The Kelleys picked it up

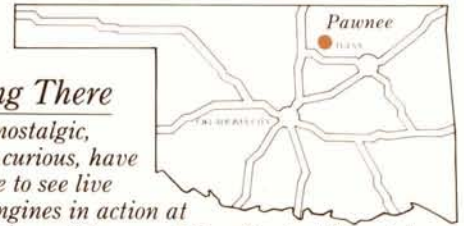
there as two truck loads of junk and spent 2,800 man-hours rebuilding it.

Their father bought his first steam tractor in 1901. "I was a bit too young to run it," says Cecil, aged 80, smoke-streaked and grinning at the end of his ride. "But I was crazy about it, and they still fascinate me. They're almost human. One day they'll work good and the next they won't. Steam is fascinating. You heat a tub of cold water and you get power. There's no way it can work, but it does."

Climaxing the show, the old engines parade around the spectators and enter slow races and fast races—if a top speed of 2.5 miles an hour can be considered fast. They move ponderously, their smoke besmirching the sky, backing up and starting forward, narrowly missing each other as they find their places. You get to wondering what would happen if two of them collided. What an awful clatter of metal that would be. It would be a clash of dinosaurs. Probably the very earth would tremble under them. **OT**

Left. Loretta Lantz and Pawnee Bill's own steam calliope provide mood music for a day in the past. Right. Steam powered more than tractors and calliopes — it propelled the famous Stanley Steamer automobile.

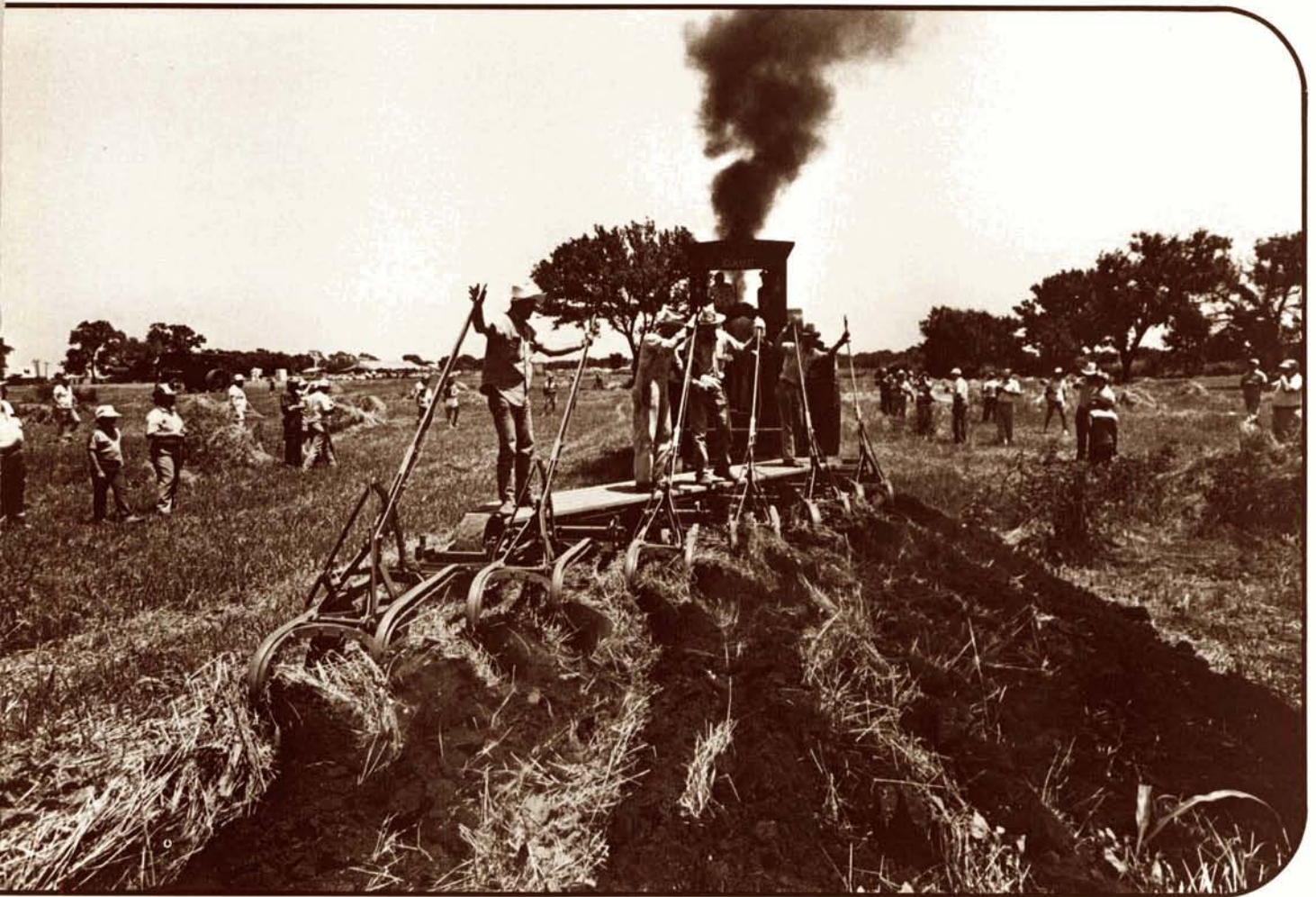




Getting There

The nostalgic, and the curious, have a chance to see live steam engines in action at the Oklahoma Steam and Gas Engine Show, July 29-31 at the Pawnee County Fairgrounds in Pawnee. Starting around 9 a.m. each day, more than 30 steam-powered tractors and engines will be on display, plowing fields, threshing wheat, powering grist and saw mills and vying with each other in "slow races." A turn-of-the-century farmstead, the tractors' natural habitat, will also be recreated.

Left. Some names have stayed with us, others are gone forever: International, Case, Avery, Rumely, Keck-Gonnerman Right. Cecil Kelley of Pawnee strikes a classic pose in the cab of his family's 110 Case.



How the west was worked — a steam tractor pulling a 12-bottom plow.

The Last Pow Wow

Photographs by Terry Zinn

"Had I secretly crept upon this tribal meeting on the great western plains of Oklahoma some hundred years ago, I could not have been more excited."

Since this first reaction in 1980, photographer Terry Zinn has joined the Cheyenne-Arapahos each year at their annual Labor Day Pow Wow at Colony. This so-called "Last Pow Wow" has been an annual event since World War II.

"Not only is it the last pow wow of the year," says Zinn, "but for a few older Indians it may be their last time to pow wow. Each year I see familiar faces return, but also miss seeing others. Among the young, some move away, so it might be their last pow wow, too."

Camera in hand, Zinn strives to capture the true spirit of this reunion and preserve it so that it will never fade from memory. "This is an authentic pow wow held just for the Indians themselves. I want my photographs to exemplify this authenticity," he says. For this reason he uses a sepia tone, which brings to mind vintage photographs, while at the same time lengthening the life of the image.

Primarily focusing on close-ups of individuals, Zinn attempts to enter the consciousness of the participants. The result is a kaleidoscope of faces, costumes and moods—the youthful joy of "Goofy Dancer," the spiritual intensity of "Northern Cheyenne Singer," the dignity of age in "Hindsight" and the striking portrayal of the continuity of Indian traditions in "Generations."

Zinn tended to avoid the use of

color in this collection, feeling that it tends to distract from the true meaning of events. However, he does include four color photographs. Called "The Spirit Series," these pictures depict the spirits of ancestors, color, dance and the inner spirit. Multiple exposure and vivid colors are used to elicit an emotional response and portray movement and the vitality of the dance.

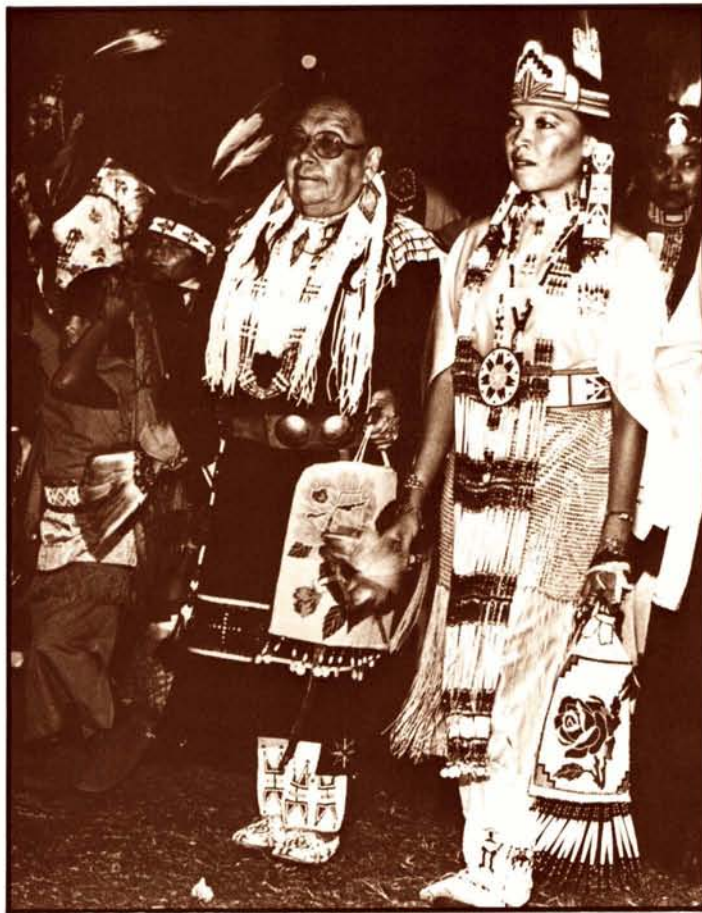
The result is a display of 24 sepia and four color prints entitled "The Last Pow Wow." It is dedicated to John, Alice and Yvonne Kauger and to all Native Americans who seek to preserve their heritage.

Zinn's background in theater arts helps explain his eye for the dramatic. Resident photographer for the Lyric Theater in Oklahoma City, Zinn was one of only four photographers invited to display works at the Diamond Jubilee Arts Festival at the State Capitol in September 1982. His photographs have appeared throughout Oklahoma and in national publications.

"The Last Pow Wow" was first shown at Oklahoma City's Kirkpatrick Center this spring. Zinn is now offering the collections to museums, libraries and other institutions for exhibition. "It doesn't make a lot of sense to me to show the photographs once and then store them away, when they could be traveling around Oklahoma," he says. People interested in exhibiting "The Last Pow Wow," or in purchasing prints, can write the photographer at 3110 NW 15th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73107. —Joye R. Boulton **OT**

Left. *Goofy Dancer* 1982.
Right. *End of the Dance* 1982.

Left. *Hindsight* 1980. Right.
Generations 1982.





Five Thoughts 1980.

Tomorrows 1982.





Teepees and Trees 1981.

*Northern Cheyenne
Singer 1981.*



POW WOW

Heart of Indian Summertime

By Joye R. Boulton

Joye Boulton danced at the American Indian Exposition in Anadarko as a child, and says she's been interested in pow wows ever since.

Pow wow. The beat of drums. The drone of chants. The rhythmic stomping of feet as dancers, mesmerized by the repetitious patterns of sounds and movement, seek personal expression in the traditional manner of centuries past.

Throughout Oklahoma, late spring heralds the call of the pow wow, and it's a rare traditional Indian family that can resist that call. "I can hardly wait for work to end Fridays when my son picks me up and we go to a pow wow," says Delores Buffalo, Otoe-Missouria.

Young and old, rich and poor, city resident or farmer, it's the same.

"I probably go to pow wows in Oklahoma 35 weeks out of the year," says K. D. Edwards, Comanche singer. "I must travel about 6,000 miles in-state. Nearly everybody has one or two special places they like to go out of state each year. My family and I usually try to make four or five in other states. Last year we probably traveled 20,000 miles to pow wows in other states."

What is the attraction? Just what is a pow wow, anyway?

Refueling, the sociologists might call it. It's a time when Indians revitalize themselves for their continuing work-a-day world. "An Indian lives like a white person from Monday to Friday," says Evalu Russell, Kiowa. "Weekends are our time to return to our culture. It's also my time to let the family know I respect them and I want to share in the goodness of what

they are doing. This is the Indian way."

K. D. Edwards also emphasizes family unity. "A great number of people feel like I do. It's a place you can take the whole family," he says. "There aren't too many things old people can do with their children and grandchildren these days. Pow wows are a time for sharing and feasting with family, tribal members and others."

Modern-day pow wows have changed. Hickory Starr Jr., Cherokee, recalls nostalgically, "It started out as a ceremonial event years ago, and it's evolved into a purely social event. Some of the tribes in the western states and in the north still observe the ceremonial aspects, but for most people today pow wows are just gatherings of families and friends. The Stomp Dance is traditional Cherokee. When I was a boy in eastern Oklahoma, the dances were strictly religious. Now they have lost some of the original sentiment. There are even contests in Stomp Dancing today."

Even today, however, pow wows offer a chance to get back to nature. When they attend a pow wow away from home, most families camp out, whether in brush arbors, makeshift tents, canvas tepees or vans, campers and trailers. However, even at these enclosed units there is usually an area outside with a tarp and chairs where friends can meet and gather easily.

Around the fires, families renew acquaintances, exchange gossip, share meals and just enjoy good fellowship.

Boys play in the dusty fields and girls run squealing with delight. Men join in a game of baseball or perhaps stick ball. Elders reminisce about the past. Women prepare traditional dishes such as fry bread, boiled beef, Pawnee meat pies, Comanche dried meat and Kiowa dried-corn dishes. Sharing food is an important part of pow wows.

During the afternoon special dances are sometimes held to honor friends and relatives—a man who has performed a service for the tribe, a son returning from college, a wedding anniversary or a birthday. Frequently these are closed dances, reserved for tribal members who wish to express their respect for the person being honored.

Giveaways almost always accompany dances held to honor someone. The family of the person being honored gives away blankets, shawls, money and similar items to friends and neighbors. Drummers and singers are always remembered at giveaways, because without them it would be impossible to hold a pow wow. Sometimes a family also gives a beef to the entire pow wow. This is usually done to honor someone who has been named a head singer or head dancer.

Then, when the sun sets, everyone comes together in a great communal sharing, centuries old and at the same time new at each gathering.

Men and women bring forth lovingly sewn and preserved traditional clothing. Usually what a dancer wears is in part made by the dancer, in part handed down from elders, in part made by other family members and in part purchased. Designs in beadwork, distinctive patterns in fringe on leggings, number and location of features and other features such as the porcupine hair and the black shawl worn like an apron of the Comanches and the buckskin dresses of the Kiowa indicate tribal origins.

K. D. Edwards estimates that his outfit would probably cost \$2,000 or more, and Evalu Russell conservatively puts the price of a buckskin dress at more than \$1,000. Tribal dress is highly valued and cared for.

Just as different tribes have different clothing styles, they also hold different kinds of pow wows. Although more frequent through spring and summer and in the eastern part of the state, the former Indian Territory,

pow wows are held throughout the year and throughout the state. They range from the massive American Indian Exposition held at Anadarko in August, where admission is charged and visitors sit on bleachers to watch the large gathering of many tribes from across the United States, to small local gatherings such as the Ottawa Tribal Pow Wow held at Quapaw every August. They range from the Indian Women's Club Annual Wild Onion Feast in Bartlesville in April, to the Oklahoma City Native American Indian Center benefit dances in May, to the Creek Indian Green Corn Dance in Henryetta in July, to the Western Oklahoma Inter-Tribal Pow Wow in Clinton in September.

(To find out where and when Oklahoma pow wows will be this summer, turn to the Entertainment Calendar, pages 38-39.)

All pow wows, regardless of size, are sharing activities, and visitors are welcomed with traditional Indian courtesy and hospitality.

How should a visitor behave at a pow wow?

"Look around and see what the Indians are doing and follow their example," counsels Don Jennings, Quapaw/Sac and Fox. "When in doubt, ask someone. Everyone will help you. It's always better to ask permission to participate than to embarrass yourself by intruding in a closed activity."

"Indians tend to ignore or walk away from improper behavior rather than confront and embarrass the offender," cautions W. E. "Dode" McIntosh, Creek chief, retired. However, if a non-tribal member or non-Indian attempts to participate in a closed dance, that person may be politely asked to wait until an open dance is announced.

Five things stand out as examples of behavior common to inexperienced non-Indian pow wow visitors.

The first and most offensive is incorrect dress. Halters, tight shorts and other clothing that reveal the female body are not appropriate for a pow wow. Indian women cover their bodies in a manner that does not reveal their shapes. Similarly, men are expected to wear shirts unless they are in tribal dress. Casual clothes such as blue jeans, boots, skirts are fine.

Seating is the second area of misunderstanding. It is rare that a pow wow is held where there are benches or chairs for spectators. Usually participants bring their own chairs. Visiting non-Indians frequently do not bring chairs and presumptuously sit in chairs belonging to dancers. When they do bring their own chairs, they sometimes place them so that they intrude upon a family or other special grouping. Visitors should sit behind participants or to one side unless asked to join them. If you ask where

to put your chairs, you can avoid embarrassment.

A third irritation is people who take pictures without first asking permission. Usually Indians are happy to have their pictures taken and cooperate eagerly. However, during contest dances there is a great deal of money and honor at stake. A flash that temporarily blinds a dancer can seriously affect the outcome. Courtesy demands that a person ask if it is appropriate to take a picture before raising the camera and firing away.

Another intrusion occurs when a non-Indian or even a non-tribal joins a closed dance. The emcee announces who is invited to participate in each dance. If you want to dance, ask if it's all right.

Finally, remember that the tents and teepees are people's homes for the weekend. Peering into people's windows and doors is just as rude at a pow wow as it is in your own neighborhood.

Pow wows are warm, sharing events. Indians are traditionally courteous and gracious to guests. So, when pow wow season arrives, take your chair and join the Indians as they take part in Oklahoma's heritage while building strong friendship and family ties. You might find yourself caught up in this pow wow attraction. After all, everyone is invited to dance the round dances. **OT**

A parade of Indian princesses from tribes across Oklahoma line up to dance at the American Indian Exposition in Anadarko. Photo by Jim Argo.





A pastiche of peach photos by Mearl Clift of Holdenville.
Left. Jodie Baker of Stratford bites into a peach fried pie. *Below, left.* Mr. John Miser.



Everything's Peachy in Porter

By Kate Jones

Forget those pseudo-peaches that ride in on trucks from out of state, those croquet balls masquerading as summer's juiciest fruit. Oklahomans can do a lot better by heading out to one of the state's own orchards and tasting what peaches were meant to be.

Oklahoma may not produce as many peaches as California or Georgia, but we still grew an estimated nine million pounds last year. A goodly portion of those pounds were produced in two areas: near Stratford in the south central part of the state and northwest of

Muskogee near the town of Porter. The towns celebrate their claim to fame with peach festivals each summer.

From June to August, the months when peaches ripen, Oklahomans drive everything from Mercedes-Benz sedans to vintage pickup trucks armed with gun racks and "I'd Rather Be Fishing" bumper stickers to roadside fruit stands scattered across the state. They arrive empty and leave full of peaches—Dixie Red, J. H. Hale, Loring, the small red-fleshed Indian variety, beloved of cooks who dote on pickled peaches.

Below. Peach eaters vie for speed-eating crown at the Stratford festival. Below, right. It's not speed but technique that really counts.



and Stratford...

Around Stratford, the stands string out along SH 177, north of town, for the most part. At the low, white, open-sided stand owned by the Miser family, who run Miser Orchard, days during peach season start early and end late. Their posted hours are "8 to 8," and John Miser, the orchard's patriarch, adds, "The hands come on at 8; I work daylight to dusk." Working with him are his wife, Beatrice, and his son and partner, Thurman, as well as assorted grandchildren and even great-grandchildren.

John Miser turned 82 last February,

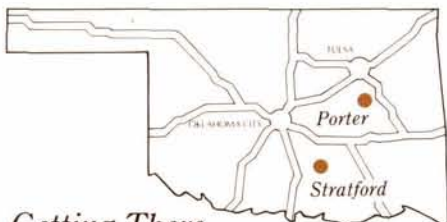
but he looks perhaps two decades younger, and he seems to be in perpetual motion: checking on the pickers, gunning his pickup along the orchard's deep-sand tracks, pausing to talk peaches with a longtime customer. He won't go so far as to attribute his youthful ways to being in the orchard business, but it is true that peaches have taken up most of his life.

"We came from Arkansas when I was around four years old, I imagine, and settled up at Rosedale, which was called "Okra" at that particular time," he says, pronouncing "Okra" in the

time-honored country way, *Okry*. "We had a 10-acre orchard, and my dad raised a few peaches there at Rosedale. . . . In 1935 we moved to Stratford and bought this place."

The place included an old, rundown orchard. Miser points out the one tree from that old orchard that still stands, making a gnarled bump in the neat row of younger trees that stretches out like a green stripe along the white sand.

By 1945 the family had 400 peach trees and 800 apple. Today the balance is overwhelmingly on the side of the peach trees, more than 8,000 of



Getting There

Stratford celebrates peach season with its annual peach festival and rodeo, July 14-16. The Stratford Round-up Club Rodeo runs all three nights at 8 p.m.; the parade is the 14th at 5 p.m. The festival, at Stratford City Park, starts at 10 a.m. on the 16th, with peach-related goings-on abounding — peach judging, peach auction and peach-eating contest — plus an arts and crafts show, horseshoe pitching and an ugly dog contest. Free peach ice cream.

By governor's proclamation, Porter is now the Peach Capital of Oklahoma, and the town's Lions Club celebrates the title by hosting their 17th annual peach festival, which begins at 10 a.m. on August 6. Again, peaches predominate, with peach judging, peach cobbler and peach dessert contests, an auction of the prize peaches and the Porter Peach Parade, which features the crowning of Miss Peach and Miss Peach Bud. Free peaches and cake.

The orchards around both towns are open on festival days; some, like Blackledge & Fischer's, offer a "pick your own" option. The State Department of Agriculture's Marketing Industry Division offers a booklet that will let you in on where to buy peaches not only in Porter and Stratford but around the state — and help you find sources of Oklahoma-grown sweet corn, sorghum, peppers, pecans, radishes, raspberries and the rest, as well. For a free copy of Oklahoma Fruit and Vegetable Buyer's Guide, write the division at 122 State Capitol, Oklahoma City, OK 73105.

them—22 varieties—along with a few hundred other fruit trees. "We raise some nectarines and plums and apples, but I don't fight them like I do the peaches," he says.

"Fighting them" means a season that lasts much longer than from June 1, when the early peaches like Dixie Reds and Early Reds come in, to early October, when the latest variety, Marsun, is ripe. There's a lull in the picking from late August to the time the Marsuns ripen, but spraying occurs every two weeks when there's anything to spray, and pruning begins as soon as the leaves start dropping in the fall.

Then there's grafting, choosing and setting out new trees to keep the orchard productive, fertilizing, thinning the tiny green fruits so that each peach has space to develop, keeping up with trends in the orchard business. . . . And on top of the work is the constant worry about the weather—late frosts, drought, hail, wind.

Weather permitting, June brings the first ripe peaches and the pickers to the orchard. Most of the hired hands are local teen-agers, with a scattering of grown-ups. They pick on foot or from ladders, by hand. "Peaches in this country you have to pick by hand, because you have to go back through and pick four or five times. Machines won't do you any good here, like they do out in California," he says.

On busy days—for instance, during Stratford's peach festival—buyers are waiting for the peaches when they come in, perhaps passing time by talking to whichever Miser happens to have a minute to spare or picking out a watermelon or canteloupe from the stock the stand sells in late summer.

The fruit that comes in on the wagon seems almost too good to be real. One particular variety, Loring, produces peaches about as large as downy softballs, and, you think, probably about as tasty. But one bite wipes out all prejudices. There's no tidy way to bite into a really good peach. Juice runs down your chin; before you're done the whole bottom half of your face gets involved. The golden, ruby-hearted flesh tastes of summer.

Year after year, regulars and newcomers alike drive up to the Misers' stand, to buy a bushel or two of concentrated summertime. "We had

a call the other day from South Carolina, wanting some Indian peaches, and we've got a basket of Loring's going to Minnesota today," Miser says, a twinkle in his eyes. "Now, I'm not saying people drive all the way from South Carolina for our peaches, but if they're in the area, they're sure liable to stop by."

The town of Porter lies in the valley of the Arkansas, to the north and west of Muskogee. In its heyday, Porter had six or seven cotton gins and several banks. Then the railroad missed it; when the railroad died, a lot of the businesses died with it.

Not the orchard business, though. Just ask Joel Fischer, who this spring took over from his father the presidency of the family corporation, Blackledge & Fischer Orchards Inc.—the third generation in a line that stretches back to 1916.

Today the Blackledge & Fischer operation is the oldest and largest orchard in the area, some 275 acres of trees, including young stock. The great majority of the trees are peaches in 40 varieties, though there are some apples, nectarines and plums, too. "We're the only fulltime commercial orchard around Porter," Joel Fischer says. "One other grower farms 700 acres; one guy's a preacher; one's retired, his son works in Tulsa and his daughter-in-law does a lot of it."

The orchard's history stretches back before statehood, according to Fischer. His grandfather and great-uncle, B. F. and H. E. Blackledge (the name's not Indian but New Jersey Dutch), bought the orchard from one Ben Marshall, a Creek who'd already won blue ribbons for his peaches at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

By 1937, when a writer for the *Daily Oklahoman* visited the Blackledge brothers, he found the orchard to be about as large as it is now, 200 acres of peaches in four orchards, 60 acres of apples and 15 acres of strawberries. He adds, "They came to Oklahoma from New Jersey 21 years ago. . . . At that time the main crop around Porter was cotton, and the natives seemed to think the Blackledge boys were foolish to depend upon fruit as a money crop, but they have stuck to fruit while others have stuck to cotton and they are not kicking about results up to now."

The family's still sticking to peaches, and the orchard's peaches still win prizes. Luckily for the brothers and their descendants, good cotton land makes good peach land, too, taken all in all. Joel's father, Ernest F. "Ernie" Fischer, elaborates: "Peaches take a reasonably fertile, well-drained soil; they won't stand wet feet. It needs to be well drained from the standpoint of air as well as from water. You don't want them sitting in a frost pocket."

He should know; he turned over the reins of the family corporation to his son about the same time he stepped down as president of the National Peach Council—the first Oklahoman to hold that job. Fischer, though originally an easterner and trained as an aeronautical engineer, married into the Blackledge family and the peach business. "After the war, I was working as an engineer in New Jersey, and my father-in-law asked us to come out and give the orchard a try. We wanted a change, so we came on. Besides, my wife was born at the orchard, and every time harvest rolled around, she felt like she had to come home anyway. . . ."

He's been in the peach business ever since, 37 years now, but he jokingly says he still can't figure out why he did it. "There's labor problems, government restrictions, weather problems—too many hours and too many headaches. There have been plenty of times when I asked myself, 'Why did I give up a 40-hour-a-week engineering job in an air-conditioned office to do this?'"

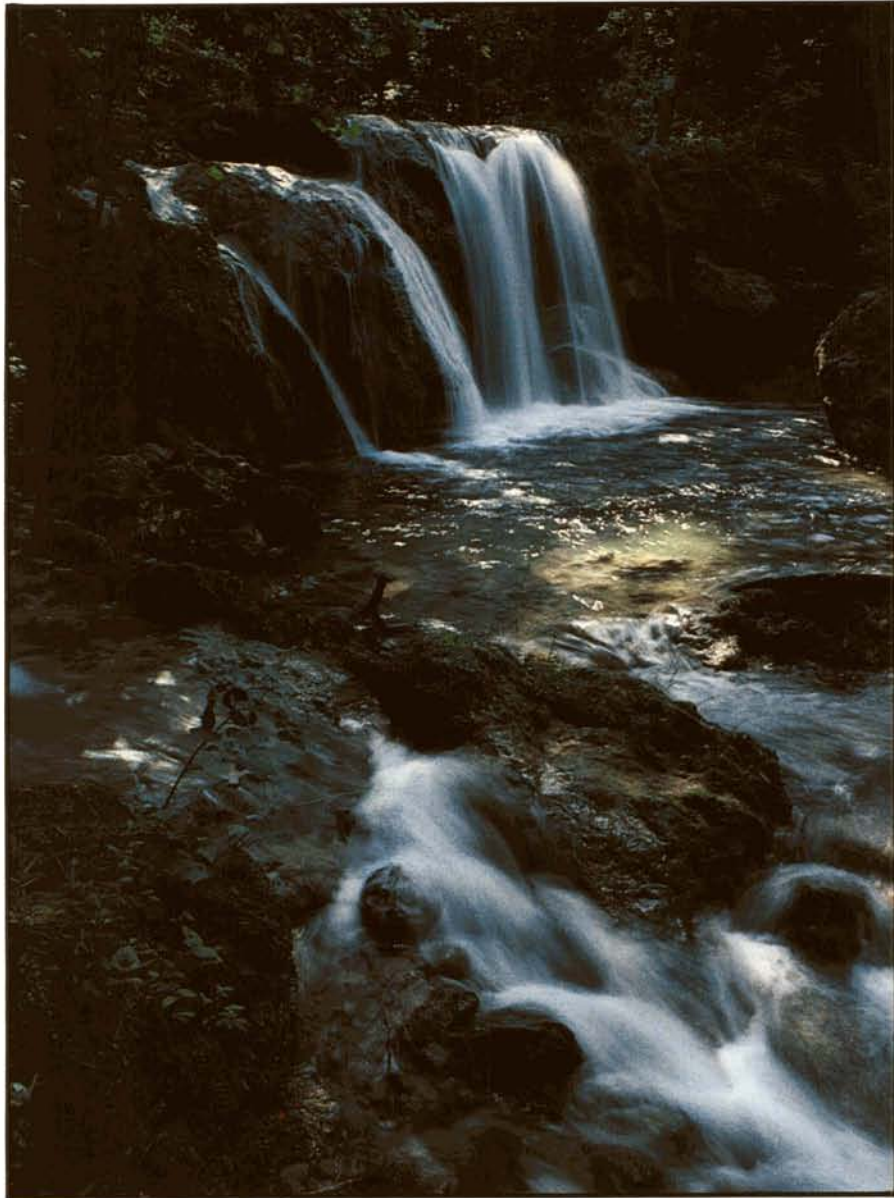
"I can't answer this to myself, and I don't think anyone else in the business really knows why, either. People who are in it seem to stay in it, that's all."

For the family at the Blackledge & Fischer Orchard, that means 67 seasons this summer. **OT**

Above. People can pick their own peaches in the fields of the Blackledge & Fischer Orchard and others around Porter. Below. A pickup full of prize Porter peaches. Photos by Fred W. Marvel.



Old-time Religion in the Good Old Summertime



By Judith Wall

*Judith Wall is the editor of the University of Oklahoma's
alumni magazine and has just sold her first novel —
to Harlequin Romances.*

Opposite page. Price's Falls, below
the Falls Creek campground. Photo
by Fred W. Marvel. Below.
Worshiping in the tabernacle.
Photo by Cindy Killion.

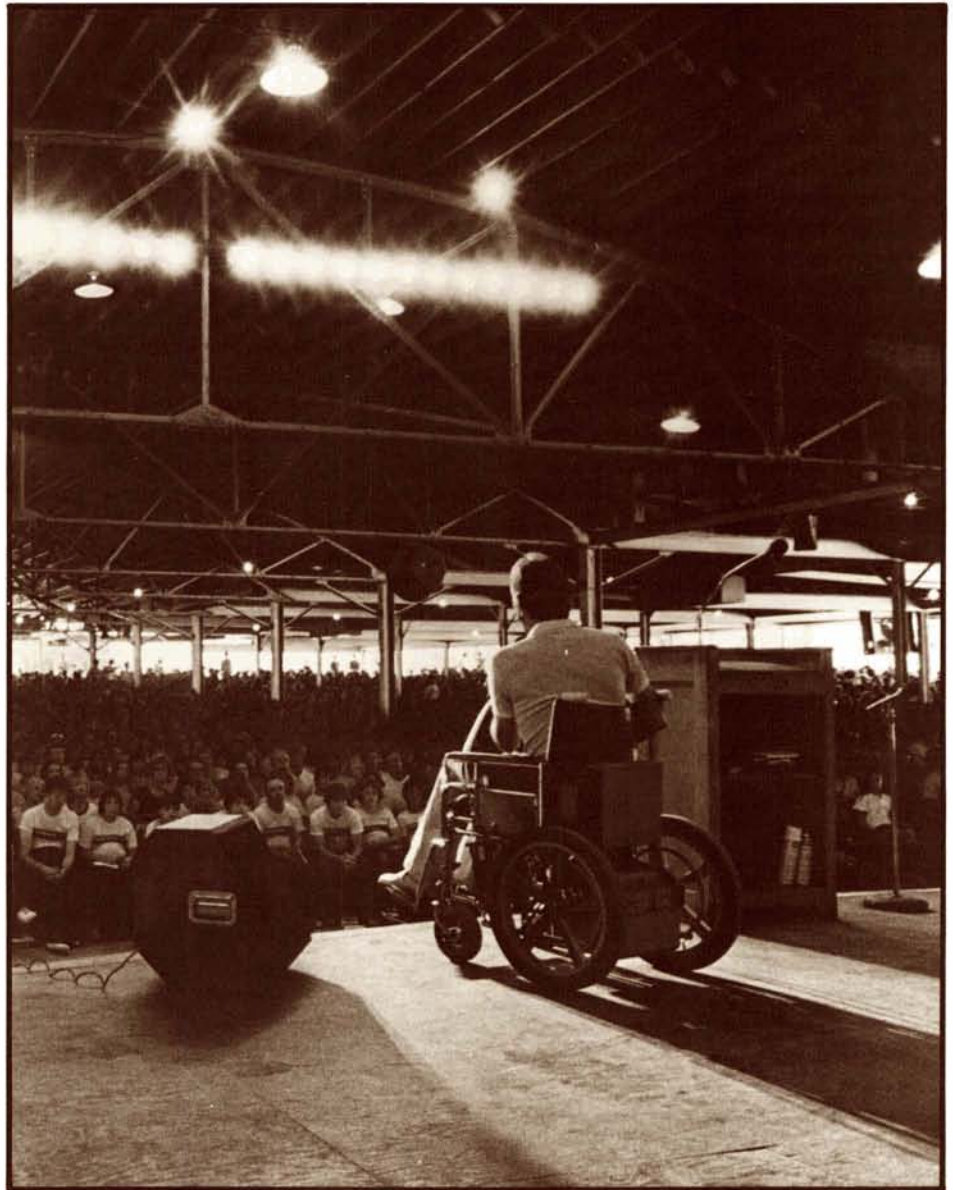
Twilight has come to the rugged wilderness of Oklahoma's Arbuckle Mountains. The heat of the summer day has diminished, and a welcome breeze refreshes those assembled in the huge pavilion.

A survey of the 6,000 members of the congregation reveals mostly youthful faces—teen-agers and pre-teens plus several hundred adult staff members and a sprinkling of vacationing missionaries. Most of the congregation have well-worn Bibles in hand. The service has not yet begun, and a thousand whispered conversations buzz through the crowd. Some of the boys are busy adding their initials and perhaps those of a special "friend" to the well-graffitied backs of wooden benches that have obviously served many generations of worshipers.

Quiet falls as a young man with a voice that would do an angel proud offers some special pre-service music from his wheelchair. As he sings, the 600 members of the choir file quietly into place.

It is time. Hymnals are open. The service begins. Thousands of young voices sing a hymn of praise, their music carrying past the open sides of the pavilion and mingling with the insect chorus beyond.

Scripture is read. The choir again sings. And the preaching begins. One of Oklahoma's best-known ministers steps to the pulpit, and for the next 30 minutes alternately admonishes and begs his listeners to uphold the faith. The service ends with an invita-





tion: Come forward and profess your faith.

Many hundreds do come forward, some crying as they do, while the rest join the choir in the invitational hymn.

It's a scene that has been repeated in some variation in the same location since 1917. It's the evening service at Falls Creek Baptist Assembly, and it marks the very heart of one of Oklahoma's most enduring traditions.

Falls Creek is operated by the Baptist General Assembly of Oklahoma. Since the camp was started 66 years ago, well over 1 million have joined in similar services and worshiped in the open-sided tabernacle or its predecessor.

If you're from Oklahoma and were raised Baptist—as fully one-half of the state's citizens were—you probably spent part of several summers at Falls Creek. And chances are those days are remembered fondly. People tend to smile when telling of their time at Falls Creek.

Among the present-day crop of youngsters, there are third- and even fourth-generation campers.

Located six miles southeast of Davis, Falls Creek Baptist Assembly is surely Oklahoma's best known church-operated camp. "The camp is the largest in the world in terms of numbers of campers who annually attend," camp director Harry Dodd says. "We accommodate about 45,000 people a year. Our campers come for youth camps and for adult retreats. The



camp is used pretty much year round."

Although the camp is used throughout the year for church-related gatherings of deacons, church women, groups of singles or couples and Indian or Texas Baptists, Falls Creek's primary function is to serve the Baptist youth of Oklahoma.

For five six-day sessions each summer, 5,000 to 6,000 young Oklahomans arrive in a caravan of church buses. They come to renew their Baptist faith and to enjoy the social life and recreation that is part of the Falls Creek experience.

"I've come here for five summers," says a sunburned young miss who serves as one of the camp's high school-age staff members. "I enjoy being with other young people who share my same values. We all have a wonderful time."

A total of 158 Baptist churches own and maintain cabins at Falls Creek. These cabins serve as home base for church members at the camp. Each cabin has dorm, kitchen and dining facilities, and each church group is responsible for housing and feeding its own.

The cabins range from small ones like the one belonging to First Daugherty Baptist Church, which can sleep 16 campers, to the one owned by First Southern Baptist of Del City, which can hold 200 campers.

The cabins have a boys' and a girls' dorm plus private sleeping rooms for church officials and other supervising adults.

Above. *Prayer before the game.*
Below. *Friendships — and young love — blossom at Falls Creek.*
Photos by Cindy Killion.

*Remembrances of summers past:
The cool '50's, left, and a summer
swim, 1940. Courtesy of The Baptist
Messenger. Below. Early-day
camping-out meeting, labeled
"Baptist Camp, Price's Falls,
Okla.," and a scene from the
old swimming hole, August 1925.
Courtesy of the Oklahoma Baptist
Collection, Oklahoma Baptist
University Library.*



Much of the cabin upkeep is done by church members. Sometimes the actual construction was a church project. And in the case of one cabin—that of the First Baptist Church of Ardmore—almost all the construction was done by one member, Jack Smith, who donated eight months of his life to build a cabin for his church.

The underlying purpose of Falls Creek, is of course, spiritual enrichment. Campers spend each morning in religious training classes that are held throughout the camp in dozens of teaching pavilions. At the end of each morning, the campers and staff gather in the tabernacle for a religious service, and there is another tabernacle service following each evening meal.

The tabernacle will hold up to 7,000 worshipers, who can view blue skies and rocky Arbuckle scenery through its open sides. Its sound system is excellent, and Falls Creek's inspirational music is famous.

The state's leading Baptist ministers serve as chaplains-of-the-week at each camp session, and Falls Creek campers get a large dose of old-time religion at both the preaching and the teaching sessions. While all that preaching and teaching may bring comfort to the soul, it is not uncommon for campers to carry around their bed pillows to supply comfort to bench-weary posteriors.

The afternoons at Falls Creek are for recreation, with softball and swimming the favored pastimes. There is also some horseshoe pitching and hik-





Cindy Killion

ing over the pathways of the 271-acre camp. The most popular hike is up to the Devil's Bath Tub, a falls-filled pool that provides a beautiful place to wade or sunbathe.

The campers are closely supervised, but young romance is not discouraged, and campers do pair off. Hand-holding couples are everywhere. One of the camp's best known landmarks, Bachelor's Bridge, is so named because it's considered a prime place for "girl watching."

Another well-known Falls Creek landmark is Big Bertha, the huge bell used to signal scheduled activities, which is mounted in the center of the "business district" of this small city.

Falls Creek is indeed a small city unto itself. It has a post office, grocery, book store, medical clinic, a wide variety of snack stands (all of which do a land-office business every afternoon), staff housing and administrative offices for Dodd and his staff.

Overseeing this city/camp is a big job for director Dodd, who is himself a Baptist minister. Dodd gave up his pulpit for camp directing 11 years ago and has been at Falls Creek ever since.

Dodd runs a tight ship. There is a strict dress code—no shorts allowed no matter what the temperature—and no coed swimming. Most of the other rules have to do with ensuring the safety of the campers. There is also tight security. Visitors are not allowed unless they have permission from Dodd or his assistants.

"We try to keep everyone safe and sound," says Dodd, who admits that safety and security can be quite a challenge with up to 6,000 exuberant young people a session in his charge. However, he is quite proud of the camp's safety record during his tenure.

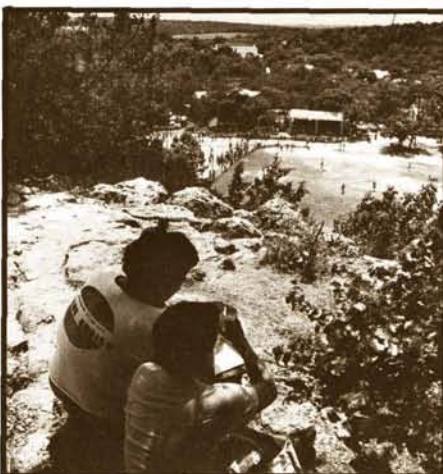
With all the rules and religious services and instruction, it might seem that Falls Creek would hardly be a delightful place for young people to spend part of their summers. However, it is obvious that the youngsters either don't mind or at least tolerate the rules and, when asked, profess an abiding pleasure in the spiritual side of camp life. Then there are always those softball games and hand-in-hand walks up to Devil's Bath Tub.

Finally, there are the friendships. Memories of Falls Creek friends and the good times shared with them last a lifetime.

Many of the present-day campers will someday send their own children to be the next generations at Falls Creek. It's a lasting chain that links the Baptists of Oklahoma one with another.

OT

Cindy Killion



A photograph of several yellow wildflowers with thin green stems growing out of a dark, rich, reddish-brown soil. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, and the background is a textured wall of the same soil.

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for you
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Maria (Mariann Cook) and Captain von Trapp (W. Stephen Smith) meet the Nazis, in the Lyric production of "The Sound of Music."

When Peter Pan sprinkled fairy dust on Wendy, John and Michael on stage at the Lyric Theatre in 1973, he put stars in more eyes than the Darling Children's.

He bedazzled young Michael Jones, who never had seen a live theater production, but has gone on to become one of the Lyric's resident magicians. Jones has changed with the seasons from Cockney ne'er-do-well to Roman slave. He also trooped cross-country with the likes of Chita Rivera before returning to Oklahoma City for the 1982 Lyric season, in which he moved from Arthurian knight to Austrian impresario during one 10-week season of musicals.

"I'll never forget the transition from the Darling nursery to Never-Never-Land," Jones says. "Peter sprinkled fairy dust, and the set exploded! It was an incredible technical production, with the children flying up in the air and smoke billowing from the pirates' cannons. I later learned that the Lyric paid for it for years afterward. However, the sight of young people my age and younger doing what I always had wanted to do solidified my determination to be a performer. The next summer I worked as a volunteer usher and saw all the shows twice and loved them all."

Jones's move from spectator to volunteer is not unusual. More than 5,000 volunteers have been involved in keeping the Lyric going during the 20 years since 14 civic- and arts-minded Oklahoma Citians decided the town needed a quality summer musical theater program. The first seasons were based on Oklahoma City University students and staff, but the Lyric Theatre has taken on a life of its own now, though it still uses OCU's Kirk-

patrick Auditorium and many technical staff members from OCU.

Lyric's full-time administrator for the past three years, Jackie West, made a career for herself after 14 years as a Lyric volunteer. However, moving from volunteer to professional as Jones and West did takes work, talent—and a little bit of luck.

Jones acted in Oklahoma Theater Center and Midwest City High School productions but didn't audition for the Lyric until 1978. "When I got a callback, I didn't know the audition song and didn't have the high notes it required," Jones says. "I hurriedly learned it from Brian Tidwell (Lyric's associate music director), and the combination of fear and adrenaline gave me 'A's' I had never had before."

Jones made his Lyric debut in the "Little Bit of Luck" quartet in "My Fair Lady." With his dependability proven, he was hired as assistant costumer the next season and given a small part in "Fiddler on the Roof."

"I don't know if anyone can appreciate what a Lyric ensemble member does," he says. "All the music and lines for five shows are learned outside of rehearsal and then, as a reward—or punishment—if you are good, you are offered an understudy role, which you are required to learn on your own time and perform off-book. Ensemble members learn to love or hate each other by the end of the summer, and they learn to do their homework."

Lyric director Lyle Dye does the most homework of all—he commutes to Lyric auditions and planning sessions from his position as assistant professor of theater at the University of Akron. Staff members who remain in Oklahoma City are Joel Levine, Lyric's music director for the past seven seasons and also associate con-

ductor of the Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra, and Dale Hall, technical director for 13 seasons, who is an OCU faculty member.

"Nine months of organization and homework go into the 10-week season in which Lyric is visible," Dye explains. "I meet with the set designer in December or January, and when I return for auditions in March the ground plans for sets are ready to go. We are getting topnotch people from all over the region, and I expect those chosen for the ensemble to be thoroughly familiar with the scripts and ready to work by the time rehearsals begin in late May."

"I force-feed stage directions during the first few days, then expect the performers to be 'off the book' so that they will have time to experiment with different things. The ensemble has two weeks of rehearsal, then opens the first show and begins rehearsal on the second. Ensemble members work night and day starting at 10 a.m. and ending at 11 p.m. It's very demanding physically."

Dye's and the Lyric's demands paid off for Jones. He financed his first trip to New York auditions with \$500 he received as the outstanding Lyric ensemble member the first year the incentive awards were given.

"I stayed with friends," Jones recalls, "and got a job in a mailroom through temporary services. The next day I got a copy of *Backstage*, the main casting paper, and answered a call for legitimate male singers. I took a pile of arias with me and then learned that when a New York cast director says 'legitimate,' he means someone who can sing 'Maria' from 'West Side Story.' As a fluke, it turned out that they needed a tenor who could tap-dance—and no other

Lyric Theatre:

Oklahoma City's Sound of Musicals



By Paula Baker
Photographs by Terry Zinn

Paula Baker is fine-arts writer for OU's media information office. A native Oklahoma Citian, she's watched Lyric Theatre's growth since its first season, and introduced her children to live theater at the Lyric's "Peter Pan."

Terry Zinn is the Lyric's photographer in residence.



Getting There

The Lyric's 21st season opens with "Funny Girl," which runs June 14-25. It is followed by "The King and I," June 28-July 9; "Guys and Dolls," July 12-23; "Sugar," July 26-Aug. 6; and "Man of La Mancha," Aug. 9-21. Showtime is 8 p.m. every evening but Monday, with Sunday matinees at 2 p.m. All performances are in OCU's Kirkpatrick Auditorium. "Androcles and the Lion," a small musical especially for children, will take place at 7 p.m. June 19 and July 17. For ticket information call the box office, (405) 524-7111.

tap-dancing tenors turned up that day! I was hired as part of a night club act opening performances by Chita Rivera, Marilyn McCoo and Robert Merrill and Roberta Peters. It was a nice tour—I did a lot of traveling and learned I really didn't like touring."

Family illness dictated Jones's temporary return to Oklahoma. However, he vows he's going back to New York as soon as he can.

Jones differs in this respect from another Lyric veteran, Harry Parker, assistant to the artistic director and a PhD candidate in theater at the University of Kansas. Parker plans a career in academic theater and sees the vigor of regional theater as an inducement to stay where he is.

"The theater was not in my bloodline," Parker admits. "My parents had Lyric coupons, and the Lyric turned me on to theater in general and musicals in particular. I auditioned for the Lyric ensemble several times before I was cast in 'Shenandoah,' and now I'm in my fourth season. A lot of patrons from out of town comment that Lyric productions compare favorably with things done on either coast."

Dye and Joel Levine use their stature in the East Coast performing establishment to help Lyric alumni on their way.

Mariann Cook, a veteran of 25 Lyric productions including a stint as Maria in "The Sound of Music," re-

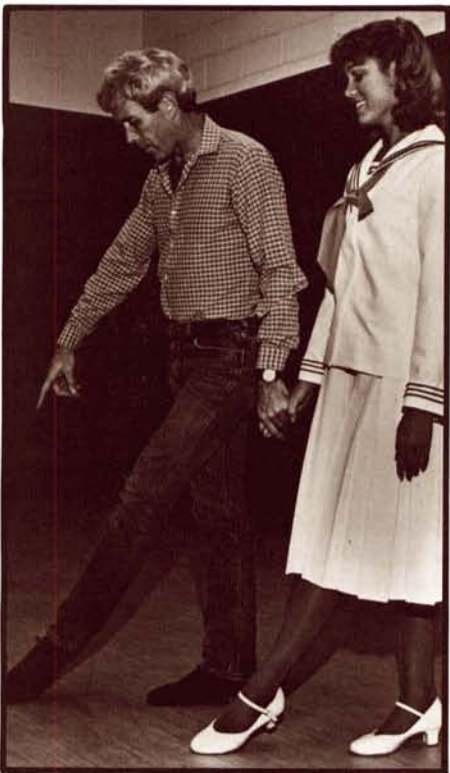
Maria and the children sing "Do-Re-Mi," and Max Detweiler (Mike Jones) and some Trapp Family children discuss his entering them in a music festival.





Lyle Dye Jr., the Lyric's artistic director, goes over production notes with his assistant, Harry Parker, during dress rehearsal.

Choreographer Ted Sprague gives Christine Dannemuller, who plays Liesl, some pointers on her dance routine.



turned to the East Coast to earn her Equity card as Elizabeth Browning in "Robert and Elizabeth." Dye's call to the music director of the show opened the Equity-only auditions to her.

Mariann's husband, Terry, also a Lyric veteran with an Equity card, joined the soprano in signing a holiday letter to the Lyric Board. In part, the letter read: "As we see more shows here, and work in more theaters, we have developed a greater appreciation for the professional way in which Lyric is run, and wish all the people in Oklahoma City could realize what a valuable asset they have in the theater."

"What sets the Lyric apart is the caring attitude," Cook says. "At the Lyric, you are a person. In New York, you are a commodity. The Lyric also gives performance opportunities to a lot of people who have the talent for New York but prefer to live in Oklahoma."

A dancer whose talent came too soon for Lyric development is Los Angeles-based dancer-director-choreographer Ted Sprague, a native of Dewey, who returned to choreograph "The Bells are Ringing" and "The Sound of Music" in 1982. Sprague received the 1980 Bartlesville Humanities Award for his work with the Bartlesville Civic Ballet. His recent screen appearances include "Annie" and "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas."

"I grew up in Oklahoma before dance degree programs were in effect in state universities," Sprague recalls, "so I went to Texas Christian University and did my early performing in Fort Worth, Kansas City and St. Louis. Now the Lyric is attracting young people from those areas—from all over, actually—and the talent is very good. The arts may have come

late to Oklahoma, but the people here were ready to accept them. I find it exciting to see people being proud of their young people and rooting for them the way I remember rooting for athletes."

The roster of "gone-ons" provides plenty for the home folks to keep rooting for. More than 900 performers have gained experience through the Lyric and are spreading the word about the theater's high standards. They are bound to agree with assistant director Parker, who sums up his Lyrical praises: "Many people in the state would never see a fully budgeted musical and many performers would not be able to work locally if it weren't for the Lyric. Lyric is a major Oklahoma resource, and should be protected as such."

This resource has mounted 94 productions of 65 different Broadway and special-arrangement musicals since the Lyric opened with "Oklahoma!" in 1963.

Seasons running from 80 to 90 percent capacity and an in-the-black record rare for a community theater demonstrate the Lyric's popularity. However, there is no way to measure the contribution fantasy makes in awakening a young child to the arts or the value of a few hours of diversion for a world-weary adult. And the fortunate few whose talents help the Lyric provide entertainment for many can agree with Jones, who says:

"Last summer, when a high school student came backstage to congratulate me on 'Sound of Music,' I saw myself as I was four years ago—a little overweight, wearing glasses—and I realized I'm the luckiest person in the world. I'm actually onstage performing in the company I idolized as a youth!"

OT

Horse Country Fourth of July

By Sheila Samples

Sheila Samples lives in Lawton and is the sports editor for the Cannoneer, Fort Sill's newspaper.

If you're hankering to learn about rodeoing, the only truly American sport, a good place to start is Mangum, nestled in the folds at the base of Oklahoma's craggy Quartz Mountains.

If you go on July 4th, the only truly American holiday, you'd better plan to stay awhile, because the nearly 4,000 folks at Mangum are serious about their sport, their heritage and their independence.

Getting caught up in the annual three-day pioneer celebration and Mangum Mounties Rodeo is like getting pleasantly snagged in a time warp. The present fades comfortably into the past, and the future doesn't seem to matter much.

Lanky youngsters roam barefoot and free throughout the densely shaded park on the downtown square and down the sun-splashed streets and trails that all seem to lead to the rodeo arena. Bustles and bonnets, horses and carriages, even covered wagons blend with sleek station wagons, gleaming pickup trucks and modern horse trailers.

Although there's a festive air throughout the celebration—it comes complete with parades, dances, old-time fiddlers' contest, three nights of rodeo and non-stop pioneer reunion—the early west is alive and well in Mangum year-round.

That's because Mangum people are horse people. According to old-timer Gene Greer, who, with Percy Ware and long-time doctor J. B. Hollis, represents the last of the charter members of the flamboyant Mangum Mounties, "all horse people are kinfolk."

Mangum is a close-knit community, a striking example not only of how the west was won, but of where it came to rest in 1882—almost hidden



by the tall prairie grass rippling over the cattle kingdom of Greer County—took root and continues to flourish. Greer believes that both the town and the Mounties were born out of the romance of the old west. He says both were founded on horses and cattle and are “shot clear through by a determination to preserve the good and permanent life.”

According to Greer, Mangum hasn't resisted the hustle of progress over its 100-year history. It's the accompanying hype that its people have managed to avoid. He leans against the split-rail fence enclosing the bull chutes and hooks a dusty boot heel over the bottom rung. He tips a worn cowboy hat back on a tanned forehead scored by a lifetime in the wind and sun and looks reflectively over the arena, a rough-hewn canyon with stark concrete “bleacher” walls.

“We're as modern as any town,” he says. “But our lives revolve around the horse. We use horses for work and play. We raise 'em, sell 'em, trade 'em and show 'em. Because we have a common interest and we're proud of our heritage, we've somehow kept the same values that people had in this country 50-60 years ago.”

Last September, the city exploded in its centennial celebration. Last July, the Mangum Mounties celebrated their 50th anniversary. Greer says the club is the oldest continuous riding club in Oklahoma—possibly even the original one.

“When it first started, anyone who had a white hat, white shirt and black tie, and who owned a horse or could borrow one, could be a Mountie,” he says. However, the present-day club is limited to 45 families and has 135 members, who range in age from four to 79.

“Although we officially became a

riding club in 1932, we existed as a group long before that. As early as 1926, we were taking borrowed steers and heifers to the ballpark every afternoon, and we put on some real wild-west riding and roping contests. We even bulldogged steers from car fenders,” he says with a chuckle.

Greer also recalls that the first rodeo and pioneer celebration in 1932 was an instant hit, with temporary fences and bleachers thrown up around the ballpark.

“People came to that first reunion from across Oklahoma and Texas,” he says. “They came on horseback, in wagons, in old beat-up cars. Most of them camped out, cooked over open fires. I can remember it was like one huge roundup, and it was an exciting time for everyone, especially the kids.

“But it was a wonder that someone wasn't hurt, because our little home-made fences couldn't hold the Brahma bulls. We even had to stop the rodeo once so the cowboys could get a bull out of the crowd.

“Course by then,” Greer says mildly, “most of the crowd had scattered. . . .”

The fledgling Mounties learned a lot about both bulls and people that first year. “Two things it don't pay to mess with,” Greer says firmly, “is a bunch of angry bulls and a crowd of hungry people. We'd put out the word that there'd be free barbecue for everyone. Now, back in 1932, that was important news, 'cause a lot of folks were looking at some pretty lean times. There were families there who didn't give a whit about rodeo, but had driven all night just to get a square meal.”

Things started out orderly enough, Greer remembers. However, as the crowd grew and the pile of barbecue diminished, fear spread that the food

Opposite page. *The Mangum Mounties in full regalia and precision-drill formation. Photo courtesy of the Mangum Mounties. Below. Mangum bustles with fiddlers and fancy costumes during Pioneer Day. The well-dressed lady with the camera is Essie Patton, who won “best pioneer costume” last year. Photos by Sheila Samples.*





Getting There

The doings down at Mangum start at 4 p.m. Thursday, July 7, with the Mangum Mountie Rodeo parade, downtown. The three-day rodeo kicks off at 8:15 p.m. in Mountie Arena.

Old-timers start showing up the next day to register for the Greer County Pioneer Reunion, and to watch another evening of rodeo.

Saturday's the big day, with country and western music on the courthouse square, Pioneer Day awards for everything from the oldest pioneer to the person who traveled the farthest to come home, fiddlers contest and, at 4 p.m., the Rodeo and Pioneer Downtown Parade.

A barbecue on the square — free to registered pioneers and all riders on horseback — comes next, followed by a final night of rodeo and a rodeo dance at the fairgrounds.

Harvey Taylor, an 1890-era pioneer, roared up from Texas for the celebration on his Honda GL500. Photo by Sheila Samples.



would run out before everyone could be fed. People surged forward, pushing and scrambling to get closer to the serving tables and, finally, pushing them down, trampling them underfoot.

"We had to use fire hoses to disperse that hungry bunch," he says with amused horror. "Since then, we've sold tickets to our cookout. No more free barbecues. . . ."

By 1939, the Mangum celebration and rodeo was drawing enthusiasts from three states. Oklahoma's governor, Red Phillips, was invited to ride in the colorful Grand Entry, and precautions were taken to see that he got a horse that was "kid-broke and foolproof."

Dee Morgan, a director of the present-day Mounties who had attended his first rodeo in 1936 as a wide-eyed youngster of eight, was asked to lend his tame, rodeo-hardened horse to the governor. Morgan says he still shudders when he recalls that fateful night.

"Governor Phillips had been introduced with a great deal of fanfare," Morgan says with an embarrassed grin. "Then, when he started out on my foolproof horse, a couple of guys from Willow stuck a cockleburr under the saddle blanket.

"He was a large man, and he set that burr real good. What happened was that the horse wasn't all that foolproof, and the governor sure took a spill. But he only bounced once," Morgan chuckles.

Before the night was over, the reformatory band from Granite made a break for freedom, and the rodeo halted while guards and inmates made short work of a shoulder-high corn patch.

People still come to the Mangum Independence Day blowout from across the country, and they still camp out around wagons and cook out over

open fires. Granite still sends its musicians, the "Rockbusters," to give out with gettin'-down, foot-stompin' country music. And guards still watch from a discreet distance, keeping wary eyes on surrounding cornfields.

The event is special, and buttoned-and-bowed pioneers flock to the city park to take their places in a scene torn from a history book. They sit in folding chairs under tall trees or sprawl modestly on quilts and blankets on the courthouse lawn. Some visit the Old Greer County Hall of Fame and museum, both bulging with a half-century of cowboy memorabilia.

Last July, four 1890-era pioneers were present. One, Harvey Taylor, a wiry 92, roared up from Texas on his Honda GL500. He says he also has a Harley, but he saves the "big feller" for real cross-country trips. Taylor belongs to the Texas Motorcycle Riders Association and boasts membership in the "Retreads," an international organization for old-timers on wheels.

The celebration is a high point for the Mangum Mounties, but, given their interest in and preoccupation with rodeo, it's only natural that they also do a lot of traveling. They're invited to parades, rodeos, playdays, drill competitions, pony express races and horse shows throughout Oklahoma and Texas. They're active in training their own youngsters through junior horse shows, and they help them exhibit their stock in county fairs.

All this takes time, but Greer and Morgan agree it's time well spent. "It's the only way to preserve our heritage," Greer concludes firmly. "What we're really trying to teach our kids is that our way of life is worth hanging on to." **OT**

Ike Rude: Rodeo Pioneer

By Sheila Samples



The chance to rub elbows with a real professional rodeo cowboy is something no Southwesterner in his right mind would pass up.

When that cowboy is Mangum's 89-year-old three-time world champion steer roper, Ike Rude, the treat—to coin a phrase—is “twice as sweet.”

Mangum, southwestern Oklahoma's hub of gettin'-down rodeo activity, boasts many heroes on the professional rodeo circuit over the years. But Rude is Mangum's most famous rodeo son. After a lifetime of gaining national and international acclaim on the back of a horse, Rude and Cleo, his wife of 46 years, are back in Mangum. For the past 10 years, they've lived quietly in a modest white frame house on a street that bears his name.

There, in a tiny, immaculate living room, Rude—nudged now and then

by Cleo, because “Ike doesn't like to brag”—makes the rugged feats of a real rodeo cowboy spring to life.

The wiry, diminutive cowboy of yesteryear strings together starstudded yarns as deftly as if he were skipping a flat rock over a still pond. Listeners lean into rugged tales of old times as Rude hits the high spots, bringing lively scenes to mind, where they remain, a series of vivid after-images.

The roaring splendor of Madison Square Garden, where Rude has performed an astounding 26 times, dances around the room. The formal excitement of White City Stadium in London marches by in stately pomp, and the raw competition of Canada's Calgary Stampede reverberates against the walls, along with echoes of Fort Worth, Prescott, Tucson and, of course, the prestigious Cheyenne Frontier Days.

Rude was born in 1894, when

Mangum was still a part of Texas and Oklahoma was still a territory, and he says he was roping steers, calves and goats by the time he was five.

“Not just for fun, either,” he says, hitching forward a little as his memories take hold. “The railroad hadn't gotten to Mangum back then, and we had to herd our cattle all the way to Woodward to get 'em to the sale.

“In this part of the country, if you could set a horse and throw a rope, you did your share of the work. It didn't matter if you were five or 50.”

When he was 16, Rude was the best all-around roper in Greer County and was well on his way to a life that most young cowboys can only dream about.

Although Rude was a “pure-dee” rodeo cowboy, making what he says was then a good living, he didn't win

Opposite page. *Ike Rude in action, Yuma, Arizona, 1953. Below. Rude received the painting that hangs in his living room when he was inducted into the Pendleton Rodeo Hall of Fame. Photo by Fred W. Marvel.*

his first steer-roping world title until 1941, when he was 47 years old. He took his second world title in 1947 and another in 1953, but he says the highlight of his career was winning the roping title at Cheyenne's Frontier Days in 1956 when he was 62.

"Winning Cheyenne's the best thing that ever happened to me, I guess," he says. He shifts his compact, slightly bowlegged frame deeper into the armchair and continues with just a little bit of "brag": "I beat out a bunch of cocky boys who thought I was too old to be any competition. But I showed 'em I could still throw the old rope."

Rude, a charter member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, didn't retire until 1974, when he was 80 years old. By then, he had gone through a dozen roping horses he'd trained himself and a lifetime of grueling one-night stands, and was enshrined in no less than four halls of fame.

He was widely recognized as "the best of the best." In 1975, he became the first living cowboy ever to be inducted into the National Rodeo Hall of Fame. Two of his champion horses went right along with him, and Rude says one of them—Baldy—was the first horse to be honored on the Roll of Great Cow Ponies.

Rude was also inducted into Mangum's Old Greer County Hall of Fame in 1975. In 1979, he became a member of the PRCA Hall of Champions at Colorado Springs and, in 1981, was inducted into the Pendleton Hall of Fame in Pendleton, Oregon.

He was a longtime friend of Will Rogers and boasts that in 1922 Rogers borrowed his horse, Darter, to rope in Madison Square Garden's first rodeo. "After that rodeo, he tried to buy Darter," Rude recalls. "He sent me



a telegram saying, 'Just name your price.' I thought about pricing Darter too high for even Rogers to afford, but backed out at the last minute because I knew he wanted that horse bad."

Rude peers impishly over the top of his glasses. . . . "He might just have met my price.

"He sent me another telegram, calling me a damned coward," Rude says, creasing his face into a wide grin. "But I've never been sorry. That horse took me places I couldn't have gone without him."

Rude enjoys talking over the good

times, but he adds that rodeo life has its up and downs, with long stretches of mostly downs. "Things don't go well all the time, even if you're winning," he says. "Once, in Clovis, New Mexico, my riggin' ring broke and the steer flat pulled my saddle out from under me and ran off with it.

"Now, I'd already won a bunch of titles and money; had just come from Cheyenne, and a lot of people had turned out to see me and old Bullet perform.

"We was both pretty shamefaced at that turn of events," he says, ducking his head and laughing good-naturedly. "The rodeo clown was hard-put to top the show we put on that night."

The rodeo life was often a lonely one. "I never had a home all those years," he says, with faint longing. "I rodeoed pert-near all year round. When any of us had time off, we'd head down to Tucson and try to get us a purse there. . . . I even put off getting married until I was 42 All I could offer a wife was the sound of me leaving."

However, when he met Cleo he happily succumbed, and says that for nearly 40 years Cleo, who's from Buffalo, up near the Panhandle, followed the rodeo circuit with him. "She burned up the road from rodeo to rodeo—just so we could be together an hour here, an hour there."

Rude says he's punched cattle, rodeoed and worked on ranches large and small from California to Arizona to Oregon, but always knew that when he retired, he'd come home to Mangum.

"Man's like a coyote," he says. "You jump a coyote, and he may run a hundred miles. But you watch him—he'll make a big circle, and eventually end up right back where he started."

"That's me. I'm back in Mangum, after a 65-year circle."

OT

TODAY IN OKLAHOMA

Some of my fondest memories as a child growing up in Oklahoma are of family picnics and summer vacations. Kate Jones's story on peaches brings this to mind, I suppose, because generally Mom and Dad combined efforts to crank up the world's best home-made peach ice cream to take along.

Lots of times our family and friends loaded up four or five cars with fried chicken and all the rest and headed for what is now called the Chickasaw National Recreation Area near Sulphur. Other times, we invited our aunts, uncles and assorted cousins and picnicked in our backyard.

But truly special times were those summers when we rented a cabin for a week and went fishing. And then for the next few years we would laugh about what took place. I still remember when brother John, excited over catching his first big fish, pulled it out of the live well to show it off. The slippery fish escaped through his fingers and back into the lake with the 7-year-old chasing him.

Of course, Oklahoma didn't have its beautiful resorts and recreational programs in the state parks then. Today families can enjoy cabins in the woods or rooms in the lodge. And they can choose from an amazing array of recreation and entertainment.

The recreation staff at each lodge organizes arts and crafts classes, teaches archery and tennis and gives

square dance and country dance lessons. The naturalists conduct nature tours and teach nature crafts.

The artists-in-residence at Fountainhead and Arrowhead, Western Hills and Lake Murray stage musical productions beside the swimming pools at night. Frequently they invite talented resort guests to perform, too.

And on the Fourth of July weekend and Labor Day weekend bands will play for dances at each resort. Each will also have cookouts with hamburgers or barbecue. Some will have arts and crafts festivals and other activities. All will shoot fireworks on the Fourth.

But if you prefer your vacations more relaxed, you can always swim, golf or play tennis with a friend—or even go fishing alone where it's really quiet. For reservations at the state's resorts and cabins, you can choose from two toll-free numbers: (800) 522-8565 in-state and (800) 654-8240 in surrounding states.

All kinds of other interesting events are planned for families this summer.

Saturday Evening Live, the Oklahoma Museum of Art's picnic concerts, will be especially fun. The concerts start on May 28 with jazz and alternate with classical music through June. The concerts resume July 9.

Some families bring elaborate hors d'oeuvres and wine, while others pick

up fried chicken and pop to spread out on their blankets. And as the music plays, people can wander through the galleries and gardens.

The Robert Lehman Collection from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the greatest art collections ever amassed, will be showing in the Oklahoma City museum through July 18. And it's all free during Saturday Evening Live! Of course, the museum, on Oklahoma City's Buttram estate at 7316 Nichols Road, is a work of art itself. Gates open at 6 p.m. and the music begins at 7.

An international extravaganza, called the Coronado Classic, will introduce Paso Fino horses for the first time to much of Oklahoma. This is the prestige horse in South America, known for its smooth four-beat gait. Teams of riders, balancing goblets of rum, will compete during the Saturday Night Spectacular. The riders will wear authentic Colombian cowboy show costumes in one event. And fiery Spanish music will be played.

A large delegation of folks from South America are expected for the show at the Oklahoma City Fairgrounds June 17-19.

I hope you and your family have a marvelous time this summer in Oklahoma.

BOOKS

OUTDOOR AND TRAIL GUIDE TO THE WICHITA MOUNTAINS, by Edward Charles Ellenbrook, *In-the-Valley-of-the-Wichitas-House*, \$5.95 paper. The book's dedication reads, "To my grandfather, Riley Pair . . . whose eyes see more than a jumble-pile of rocks in a mountain and whose love of those ol' mountains, the Wichitas, was passed on to the author's lifestream."

Ellenbrook uses a lifetime's experience in the ancient mountains to com-

pile a guidebook that has a little something for most of us: archeological and historical data, short hikes to interesting locations, longer hikes for hardier types and an auto tour for those whose idea of roughing it is a short stop at a scenic turnout. Other sections cover hunting and fishing the Wichitas, Quartz Mountain, the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge and historic cemeteries of the area.

WOMEN IN OKLAHOMA: A CENTURY OF CHANGE, edited by Melvena Thurman, Oklahoma Historical Society, \$13.95 hardbound, \$8.95 paper. Perhaps because our history is so condensed, Oklahomans feel a closeness to our pioneers. And we can be proud of our homage to the women who worked to turn the frontier into

home—Ponca City's Pioneer Woman Memorial.

Now Melvena Thurman and her associates give us another tribute, a group of essays sketching the many faces of Oklahoma's pioneering women: wife and mother, to be sure, but also tribal leader, missionary, teacher, merchant, claim-filer, wage-earner, suffragette. . . . In "Pioneer Women: A Photographic Essay," Maryruth Prose says, "There is a complexity of activities and attitudes for those women who entered into the vastness of our prairie. . . . No two images of the pioneer women are alike; they shared only a uniqueness of direction and character. There is a kaleidoscope of portraits, images reflective of the variety of experience and purposes in the soil of Oklahoma."



Courtesy Museum of the Great Plains

Portrait of a pioneer, from
Women in Oklahoma.

JOURNEY TOWARD HOPE: A HISTORY OF BLACKS IN OKLAHOMA, by Jimmie Lewis Franklin, OU Press, \$19.95. *Journey Toward Hope* tells an engrossing tale: how black Americans came to Oklahoma and how they've fared here. Although slavery did exist in Indian Territory, Franklin says, its roots were not deep, and in fact blacks and whites lived in relative equanimity on the frontier. Ironically, it was the move toward statehood and "civilization" that invited in Jim Crow—and ignited the

black community's long struggle against its evils.

"Segregation in Oklahoma was a central feature of black life from statehood until the eventual dismantling of the system," Franklin says. "The concern of this book, however, is much broader. . . . The trials of daily life, as well as the joys and pleasures of living, are also an important part of the colorful and poignant story of black Oklahomans."

SINGING COWBOYS AND ALL THAT JAZZ, by William W. Savage Jr., OU Press, \$14.95. Quick, name an Oklahoma-born musician. Well, there's Woody Guthrie, of course, and Patti Page and Roger Miller and Leon Russell. But what about Sheb Wooley of "Purple People Eater" fame? Or Elk City's Jimmy Webb, who wrote "Galveston," "Wichita Lineman" and "McArthur Park"?

Then there's the contribution the Oklahoma City Blue Devils made to jazz; Blue Devils formed the nucleus of Count Basie's first orchestra. And legendary jazz guitarist Charlie Christian, raised in Oklahoma City. And the Wills boys from Texas, who found a haven for their "southwestern swing" in Tulsa. And Kay Starr and Gene Autry and Oscar Pettiford and Earl Bostic and Hoyt Axton and Elvin Bishop. . . . Savage talks about these and many more, but ends on a blue note: Our best musicians have to leave Oklahoma, seedbed of jazz and folk and western swing, just in order to make a living.

Thank you for the wonderful profile you gave the great Northwest of the State of Oklahoma in your spring edition of *Oklahoma Today*.

The pictures are fantastic, and each tells a story. The script wonderfully describes the subject. I particularly liked the picture of the Black Mesa and the title given in the introduction "The Spirit of the Place."

I am proud to be a citizen of the Oklahoma Panhandle. I was born in a sod house shortly after statehood and have spent my entire life in this area.

Berenice Jackson
Gage, OK

Thank you for a special trip down memory lane—the article "Of Men and Mules" in your Spring 1983 issue is very special to me.

During 1975 and 1976, I was employed by the Oklahoma Bicentennial Commission and had the privilege of coordinating the wagon train trek for the Oklahoma portion. I was one of the commission staff who participated with the Bicentennial Wagon Train visits at Randlett, Oklahoma City, Henryetta and Muldrow, and I personally rode in the wagon with the Shumans and Spec Lester from Muldrow into Fort Smith.

Ms. Leonard's article is well written, and I feel it worthy of being shared with school children and other Oklahoma residents who may have missed the wagon train in 1976.

Billy Ann Campbell
Oklahoma City, OK

LETTERS

I probably should not complain about any publishing of articles since I am far from perfect myself, but the story on The Great Northwest Tour, which included Beaver, missed a lot.

The Beaver State Park, located just north of town, was one of the top priority projects of Gov. Nigh and is one of the finest small parks in the state. Not only does it have sandhills for climbing, sand-dune buggy riding and motorcycle trails, it has a small fishing lake, and a marvelous place for family picnics and meetings.

Our world-famous Cow Chip Throwing Contest reaches out much farther than Kansas City and Denver. Every year we have from 12 to 14 states represented in our champion throw. We have had people come from Australia (two times), Brazil, Germany, the BBC from England, and even a television crew from Tokyo. We have had a lady champion several years from Wisconsin. Our present champion is from Indiana, and the record holder is from Bountiful, Utah.

Willis Lansden, editor
The Herald-Democrat, Beaver, OK

The Spring issue is a jewel that I have just read from the tip of the wagon tongue to the end of the coupling pole.

I got a special chuckle from the letters to the editor, the first of which rejoiced at "Okie" not appearing in the last four or five issues. Not one, but two, of the other letters used the term with apparent pride in referring to their backgrounds—which seems to show that the first writer was outvoted.

Did you chuckle, too, when you inserted these "back to back," so to speak?

I suggest that Oklahoma has long since outgrown its sensitivity to the term and is too big a girl to care.

At the risk of opening old wounds,
Austin E. Mills
Midwest City, OK

Oklahoma's Hidden Sanctuary for Smallmouth



The Mountain Fork River

Oklahoma anglers willing to pay dearly for their summertime pleasure will find the Mountain Fork River is truly something special.

Winding through the McCurtain County mountains, the Mountain Fork, threatened though it is by the onslaught of big timber interests, is the state's last remaining stronghold of the smallmouth bass.

It could be that both the river and its smallmouth are doomed, but, for now, each is fighting the good fight. There's still time to enjoy one of Oklahoma's great outdoor adventures.

Those who tackle the Mountain Fork during late spring, summer or early fall learn to respect the stream as much as they come to admire the smallmouth bass, called without much argument the greatest fighter pound for pound that swims.

Like most of Oklahoma's smaller rivers, the Mountain Fork is at the mercy of the weather. Drought is common, if not inevitable, during the summer months, and the stream that nourishes Broken Bow Reservoir dwindles to a series of riffles separating long, deep pools.

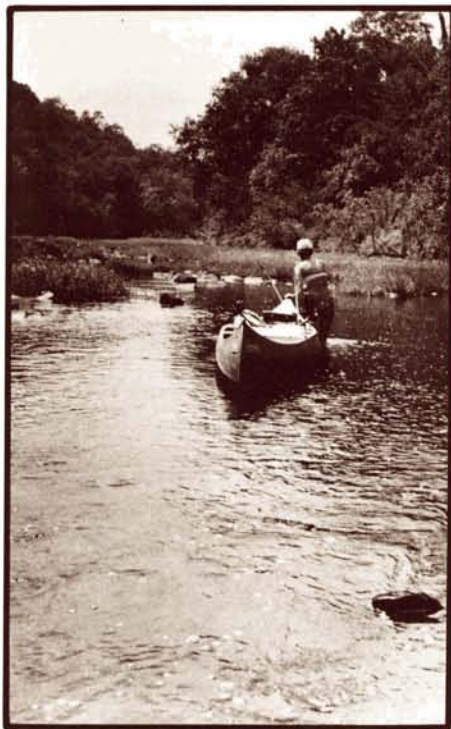
This is when the smallmouth fishing is at its best and canoeing is at its worst. Thus, you may not partake of one without suffering through the other. Fishing the Mountain Fork in times of low water is not for those seeking rest and relaxation.

You walk; you struggle; you clamber over boulders as big as Volkswag-

Story and photographs by
Covey Bean

*Covey Bean is the outdoor writer for
The Daily Oklahoman and is a dedicated
hunter, fisherman and canoeist.*

*Lower water means great fishing
on the scenic Mountain Fork.*



ens; you tumble into holes in unlikely places; you wallow across glass-slick rock; you are scratched, bruised and beaten, and you carry, push and pull—or occasionally paddle—a loaded canoe every inch of the way.

A midsummer trip on the Mountain Fork is suited perfectly for those who thrive on misery, prosper on pain and delight in hard physical labor.

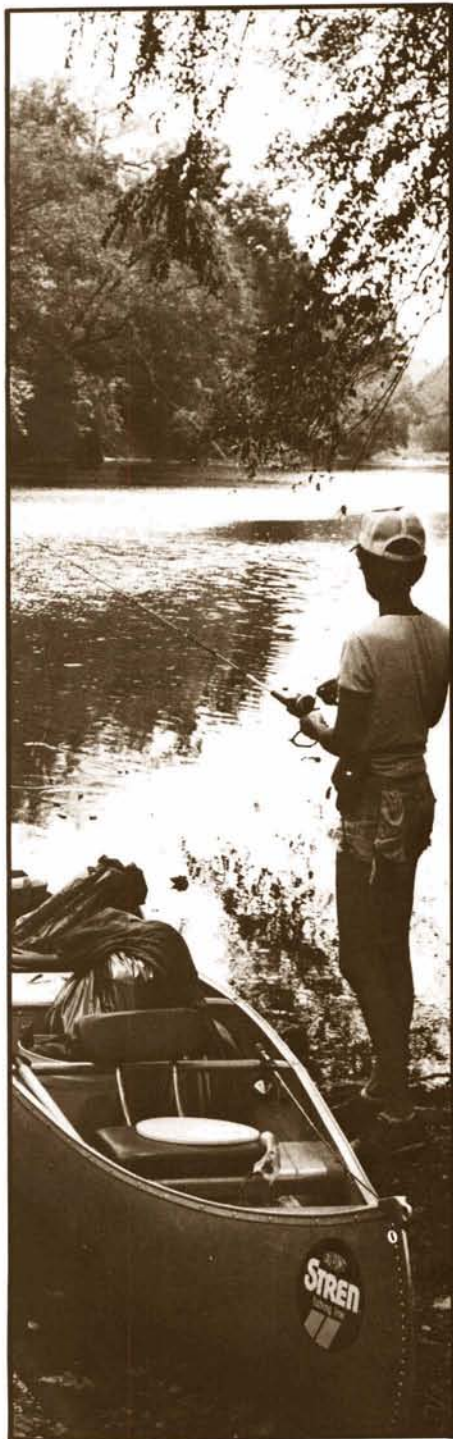
Those who suffer are rewarded with a fish on nearly every cast, husky bronze battlers that make you wonder about guys who recommend ultralight tackle for smallmouth. They are also treated to some of the state's most beautiful scenery in an area far removed from the weekend hordes.

The standard Mountain Fork float trip begins 12 miles upstream from the town of Smithville, where John Bengé operates the only canoe livery, Mountain Fork River Floats.

During June, July and August and on into autumn, the 12-mile trip usually requires two full days. Some canoeists take two days to float the lower, six-mile stretch to have more time for fishing. Even at half the distance, it's no cakewalk.

Nice one- and two-pound smallmouth lurk above and below the riffles. Larger brownies can be found in the deep pools, along with tackle-busting largemouth and Kentuckies. Catches of more than 100 fish a day are not uncommon.

Oklahoma's smallmouth do not grow to great size. A three-pounder is a big one, although the state record is a re-



spectable five-pound, 10-ouncer taken from Broken Bow Lake, which is fed by the Mountain Fork.

The story is told of the outfitter-guide John Bengé, who put a client onto a beautiful five-pounder, which was duly brought to the net. Excited, the successful angler announced his catch was destined for a skillet.

"That fish," responded Bengé, "either goes on the wall or it goes back in the river."

Regaining his senses, the fisherman released the biggest smallmouth he's likely to see in his lifetime. Presumably, they dined that night on Spam and pork and beans.

The smallmouth does that to you.

Once you've felt its smashing strike and watched it leap and charge on the end of a line, you'd sooner go hungry than do away with one of those critters for the sake of a bite to eat.

The Mountain Fork contains untold numbers of hand-sized green sunfish, which compete for every lure and make fine eating at the end of the day.

These little bruisers are in no danger; not so the smallmouth. The smallmouth's range in Oklahoma has dwindled to two significant enclaves, the Illinois River and its tributaries in the Tahlequah area and the Mountain Fork and Broken Bow Reservoir in the far southeast. State stocking efforts elsewhere have achieved only limited success.

Illinois River smallmouth are in serious trouble. The river itself is overrun by canoeists, and those who fish while they float also tend to keep what they catch, including smallmouth no larger than a big minnow.

The fish fare better in the Mountain Fork, which is more remote, less popular and still somewhat unspoiled by the ever-expanding destruction of the loggers. It won't remain so forever.

A canoe journey down the river,

casting the riffles for smallmouth, is a trip to be treasured. Now is the time to take it.

Travel light; lots of gear makes the canoe even more cumbersome.

Wear tough shoes or boots; a certain unnamed individual forced by circumstance to make the trip in thong sandals was punished mightily for his stupidity.

Take plenty of solid tackle and a variety of lures; spinners, small crankbaits and a smoke-colored plastic grub on a 1/15th-ounce slider head are proven favorites.

Campsites are few. The first six miles of the trip must be completed before a suitable spot is encountered opposite easily recognized Goat Rock, a towering black wall at streamside that is the put-in point for the lower section.

Although the Mountain Fork is a test for the hardy in times of low water, during early spring rains it is swollen to white-water proportions, and a canoeist need never wet a foot the whole day.

Fishing is not bad then, either, although some time must be devoted to remaining upright in considerable rapids. A phone call to Mountain Fork River Floats will result in the latest river information.

During the dry summer months, Bengé discourages all but the experienced and strong of heart from giving the river a try.

He recalls a healthy father and his 12-year-old son who abandoned their canoe and walked out, a challenge in itself, after negotiating a couple of hundred yards.

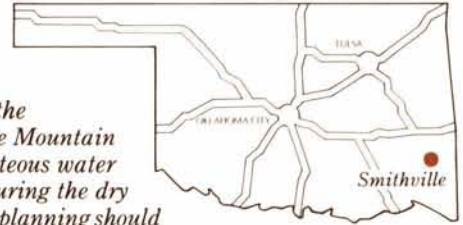
Ignore him at your own risk, but ignore him if you can.

The Mountain Fork is not to be missed. It is not necessarily a wilderness experience, but it is indeed an experience.

OT

Getting There

Whether you're after the solitude and scenery of the Mountain Fork during times of plenteous water or the smallmouth bass during the dry summer months, your trip planning should start with a call to John and Becky Benge of Mountain Fork River Floats. For reservations, river information and directions to their place, call (405) 244-3284.



ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

ART EXHIBITS

JUNE

- 1-26 "Nature Suspended: Italian Still Life," Philbrook, Tulsa
- 1-29 The Milton Wichner Collection, Okla. Art Center, Okla. City
- 1-30 Indian Sculpture, The Galleria, Norman
- 1-July 1 "Wilson Hurley: An American Painter," Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa
- 1-July 18 "Impressionism/Post-Impressionism," Okla. Museum of Art, Okla. City
- 2-24 David Wharton & Steve Ligget, Artsplace II, Okla. City
- 7-26 "Eisenstadt Returns to Germany," OU Museum of Art, Norman
- 10-11 National Academy of Western Art, Cowboy Hall of Fame, Okla. City
- 12-July 10 "Trail of Tears" Art Show, Cherokee National Museum, Tahlequah
- 12-Aug 27 "From Generation to Generation: The Plains Apache Way," Apache Tribal Center, Anadarko
- 19-July 23 "Wichita Memories," Community Center, Bartlesville

JULY

- 5-31 "China From Within" & "Hopi-Navajo Five," OU Museum of Art, Norman
- 17-Aug 28 "Oklahoma Portrait: Photographs by Russell Lee," Philbrook, Tulsa
- 31-Sept 3 "Wichita Memories," Wichita Tribal Complex, Anadarko

SEPTEMBER

- 9-25 Cherokee Natl. Arts & Crafts Show, Cherokee Natl. Museum, Tahlequah
- 25-Jan 1 "Elizabeth Cole Butler Collection," Philbrook, Tulsa
- 27-Nov 27 "Santa Fe Railroad Collection," Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa

DRAMA

JUNE

- 2-July 17 "The Fantasticks," Gaslight Theatre, Tulsa
- 3-12 "Anastasia," Theatre Tulsa, Tulsa
- 4-Aug 20 "Oklahoma!," Discoveryland, Tulsa/Sand Springs
- 7-26 Summer Repertory Onstage, Tulsa University, Tulsa
- 11-Aug 20 "Trail of Tears," Tsa-La-Gi, Tahlequah
- 13-18 "Division Street," American Theatre Co., Tulsa
- 14-25 "Funny Girl," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City
- 15-Aug 20 "Will Rogers At Home," Will Rogers Amphitheatre, Claremore
- 16-18, 23-25 "I Do I Do," Little Theatre, Muskogee
- 19-20 Annual Jubilee, Theatre North, Tulsa
- 22-26, 29- "I Ought To Be In Pictures," Cabaret Supper Theatre, Ft. Sill
- July 3, 6-9 "The King & I," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City
- 28-July 9 "The King & I," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City

JULY

- 12-17, 19-24 "The Gondoliers," Town & Gown Theatre, Stillwater
- 12-23 "Guys & Dolls," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City
- 21-23 "Sound of Music," Stagecoach Community Theatre, Perry

- 21-Sept 4 "Something's Afoot," Gaslight Theatre, Tulsa
- 26-Aug 6 "Sugar," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City

AUGUST

- 9-20 "Man of La Mancha," Lyric Theatre, Okla. City

SEPTEMBER

- 14-18, 21-25, 28-Oct 1 "Brigadoon," Cabaret Supper Theatre, Ft. Sill

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

JUNE

- 2-5 Santa Fe Trail Daze, Boise City
- 3-4 Love County Frontier Days, Marietta
- 4-5 Artfest 8, Activity Center, Guymon
- 10-12 Oklahoma Heritage Days, West Bank, Tulsa
- 11 Pioneer Day, Cleveland
- 11-12 Canterbury Art Festival, Stephenson Park, Edmond
- 13-18 Western Days & Rodeo, Durant
- 23-25 Kiamichi Owa Chito Festival, Beavers Bend State Park

JULY

- 2-4 Huckleberry Festival, Jay
- 5-10 Old Santa Fe Days, Shawnee
- 7-9 Belle Starr Festival, Wilburton
- 8-10 Annual Northeastern Oklahoma Woodcarvers Show, Tulsa
- 14-16 Peach Festival & Rodeo, Stratford
- 3-Aug 6 Western Week & IRA Rodeo, Holdenville

AUGUST

- 6 Peach Festival, Porter
- 8-13 Frontier Days & Open Rodeo, Tecumseh
- 13 Watermelon Festival, Rush Springs
- 25-27 Oil Days Celebration, Haledton
- 27 Sucker Day, Wetumka

SEPTEMBER

- 2-3 Frontier Days Celebration, Cache
- 8-10 FestiFall, Kerr Park, Okla. City
- 16-17 Cherokee Strip Celebration, Enid
- 17 Cherokee Strip Celebration, Perry
- 17-18 Cattle Trails Festival, Elk City
- 23-Oct 2 State Fair of Oklahoma, Okla. City
- 30-Oct 9 Tulsa State Fair, Expo Square, Tulsa

INDIAN EVENTS

JUNE

- 2-5 Annual Osage Tribal Ceremonial, Fairfax
- 3-5 Indian Heritage Days, Riverview Park, Miami
- 10-12 Pottawatomie Inter-Tribal Pow Wow, Expo Center, Shawnee
- 23-25 Green Corn Festival, Bixby
- 23-26 Annual Osage Indian Dances, Pawhuska

JULY

- 1-4 Pawnee Homecoming, Pawnee
- 2-4 Quapaw Indian Pow Wow, Quapaw
- 4 Kiowa Gourd Clan Pow Wow, Carnegie
- 8-10 Annual Sac & Fox Pow Wow, Stroud
- 8-10 Tonkawa Indian Pow Wow, Tonkawa
- 14-17 Annual Pow Wow, Mohawk Park, Tulsa
- 14-17 Otoe-Missouria Pow Wow, Red Rock
- 15-17 Comanche Homecoming Pow Wow, Walters

- 29-31 Annual Oklahoma City Pow Wow, Okla. City
AUGUST
 12-14 Kihekah-Steh Annual Pow Wow, Skiatook
 14-20 American Indian Exposition, Anadarko
 26-28 Annual Inter-Tribal Pow Wow, Mohawk Park, Tulsa

SEPTEMBER

- 2-5 Western Oklahoma Inter-Tribal Pow Wow, Clinton
 9-12 Cherokee National Holiday, Tahlequah

MUSIC/DANCE

JUNE

- 9-12 Sanders Family Bluegrass Festival, McAlester
 17-19 Annual Bluegrass Festival, City Park, Davis
 23-25 Bluegrass Festival, Elk City
 29-July 2 Bluegrass Festival, Powderhorn Park, Langley

JULY

- 30 All Night Singing, Holdenville

AUGUST

- 3-7 Grant's Bluegrass Festival, Salt Creek Park, Hugo
 6 All Night Singing, City Park, Konawa
 19-20 All Night Gospel Sing, Municipal Park, Seminole

SEPTEMBER

- 11-13 Ruth Laredo, Pianist, Okla. Symphony, Okla. City
 16 "Latin Rhythms," Pops Concert, Okla. City
 22 Emanuel Ax & Frank Collura, Philharmonic, Tulsa
 24 Jerry Goldsmith, Pops Concert, Okla. City

RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

JUNE

- 1-4 World's Largest Junior Rodeo, Idabel
 2-4 Annual PRCA Rodeo, Hugo
 3-5 Artillery Hunt Horse Show, Rucker Park, Lawton
 4 4-H District Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa
 5 Range Riders Roundup Club Show, Expo Center, Shawnee
 11 S.W. District 4-H Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla. City
 11-12 Oklahoma Pony of the Americas Show, Expo Center, Shawnee
 16-18 Will Rogers Stampede Rodeo, Claremore
 16-18 Annual CSRA Rodeo, Elmore City
 16-18 Shortgrass Country Rodeo, Sayre
 17-19 International Paso Fino Horse Show, Okla. City
 17-19 Creek Indian Rodeo, Okmulgee
 18-19 Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping, Pawhuska
 23-25 Pioneer Rodeo, Poteau

JULY

- 1-3 State 4-H Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla. City
 2-4 Summer Circuit Quarter Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa
 7-9 Pioneer Reunion & Rodeo, Mangum
 13-17 Oklahoma Hunter-Jumper Show, Fairgrounds, Okla. City
 21-23 Chisholm Trail Stampede & Open Rodeo, Waurika
 21-24 International Cavalcade, Pawhuska
 23-24 Oklahoma Arabian Show, Expo Center, Shawnee
 24-30 Western Heritage Week & IPRA Rodeo, Atoka
 24-31 APHA National Show, Fairgrounds, Okla. City

AUGUST

- 1-6 American Jr. Quarter Horse Finals, Expo Square, Tulsa
 11-13 Championship IRA Rodeo, Sallisaw
 13-14 American Miniature Horse Show, Fairgrounds, Okla. City
 18-20 Annual 101 Ranch Rodeo, Ponca City
 23-27 Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo, Vinita

SEPTEMBER

- 3-5 Oklahoma State Prison Rodeo, McAlester
 8-11 Kiamichi Country Rodeo, Valliant

SPECIAL EVENTS

JUNE

- 3-5 Annual Classic & Antique Car Auction, Expo Square, Tulsa
 4-19 Summer Arts Institute, Quartz Mountain Resort

- 20-July 13 National Parachute Finals, Muskogee

JULY

- 15-16 International Brick & Rolling Pin Event, Stroud
 16 Annual Canoers Festival, Lake Thunderbird, Norman
 29-31 Oklahoma Steam & Gas Engine Show, Pawnee

AUGUST

- 1-6 National Diving Championship, Bartlesville

SEPTEMBER

- 5 Great Raft Race, Arkansas River, Tulsa
 9-10 Chili Cookoff & Bluegrass Festival, Tulsa
 16-18 Roy Clark Golf Tournament & Star Night, Tulsa
 17-18 Hot Air Balloon Festival, Chickasha

Forty masterworks of Impressionism and Post-Impressionism from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Robert Lehman Collection are on a tour with only one stop — the Oklahoma Museum of Art in Oklahoma City. Renoir's "Two Young Girls at the Piano" and 39 others by Monet, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Gauguin, Matisse ... will be on view until July 18, then return to New York.



